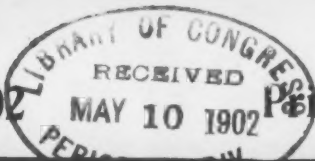


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THE MIRROR

A
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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS.

REFLECTIONS: Rear Admiral Sampson—World's Fair Postponement—Living Up to His Name—Naval Ethics and Rowdism—St. Louis and the Southwest—A Lost Opportunity—New Novel by a St. Louisan—The Public Buildings Bill—Congressional Tricks and Tactics—Dockery and Our Dave—The Choral Society—The Mercantile Library—Rumbold's Battery—Are You Insured?—Richard Mansfield's Whim—Kansas City and Crime, etc., etc.....	1-4
MORGAN'S LATEST MOVE: By Francis A. House.....	5
SNIPE SHOOTING: By Ernest McGaffey.....	5-6
AN UNTHEATRICAL NATION: By William Archer.....	6-7
COMMERCE AND EQUITY: By Charles H. Seybt.....	7
MAY MUSINGS: By Willis Leonard Clanchan.....	7
RISE OF THE LONE STAR: By John H. Raftery.....	8-9
A DALMATIAN: By M. Dudley Dunn.....	9
COERCION IN IRELAND.....	10
SOCIETY.....	11
PATRICK GREEN THE NEW COLOR.....	11
NEW BOOKS—Brief Reviews.....	12-13
MUSIC: A Choice Brand of Choral Symphony—The Choral Symphony Benefit.....	14
LEHR AND LILLIAN.....	15
COMING ATTRACTIONS.....	16
MORNING CHORAL MAY CONCERT.....	17
THE AVERAGE NEWSPAPER.....	19
THE STOCK MARKET.....	20-21
THE BOOM IN COTTON.....	22
BOERS AND BRITONS' BREAD.....	24

REFLECTIONS.

Rear-Admiral Sampson

THE death of Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson seems to have invoked a fresh spasm of driveling sentimentality from the newspapers who were most industrious in maligning him in life, and also from his partisans of the press a final snarl of invective against those who are accused of "hounding a hero to his grave." The statement that the last months of his life were poisoned with the knowledge that the American people had turned its back upon him is as untrue as the virulent lies that were hissed at his qualities of courage, generosity and deeds during the blatant and uncalled-for controversy over the naval battle of Santiago. In taking sides upon that interesting question, the majority of Americans turned upon neither Schley nor Sampson, and the minority which believed in the cowardice, stupidity or meanness of either, was tricked into that mistake by the venomous lucubrations of writers who probably neither knew nor cared about the real merits of either. Perhaps the crowning grief of Sampson's life was the ill chance which kept him from participating in the actual fighting off Santiago. It is certain that, even if he had known of all the virulent screeds directed at him later, he was too sensible to believe that they expressed the sentiments of his countrymen. His waning life was shadowed for months by the gray forecast of inevitable death, and it is well known amongst his friends that the edge of his disappointment was dulled and almost disappeared in the loving quietude of his final months at home. The most striking quality in Sampson's character and career was his almost fanatical reverence for the United States Navy as an institution and as a profession. The exalted regard in which he held the flag, his duty, and the establishment which was his religion, served to banish mirth from his heart, and exaggerated the naturally serious bent of his mind. He was narrowed by the inexorable limitations of his profession, but in it he was as deep and thorough as the sea which he loved. If he was not as dashing a seaman as some of his compeers, he was more sure, more dignified, more persistent, more intensely deliberate. Even in the heyday of his health and exploits, there were whole weeks when he did not smile. His natural gentleness of heart was incrustated with an iron habit of infinite industry, unremitting devotion to science, and devouring determination to live up to the very summit of his estimate of the beau ideal American sea-captain of here and now. To the few who penetrated this shell of forbidding earnestness, there was unfolded the genuine and gentle manliness of a true-blue friend. The few who saw past the sternness of his demeanor can afford to smile with pity or contempt at the senseless malice with which the unknowing sought to bait so fair a name, so true a craftsman, so real a veteran.

An Arkansas Calamity

THE latest official act of Governor Jefferson Davis, of Arkansas, by which he granted full pardon to a negro convict upon condition that the black would emigrate to Massachusetts, is noteworthy merely as another evidence that the most offensive vulgarity, the most grotesque buffoonery, the meanest bigotry committed by the "new" Jeff Davis, is not as much an offense against the sense and propriety of the people of Arkansas, as the single vote cast by each elector, no matter how mean and ignorant, who helped to place him in the capitol. His very name is a libel on the old aristocracy of the earlier day for, whatever may be said against President Jefferson Davis, he was cleanly of mind and person, sincere in his purposes and of true nurture. His namesake's conduct, official and pri-

vate, has been an affront to self-respecting people in all States, and a calamity to the commonwealth which inflicted him upon itself. His record, thus far, is as carelessly and slovenly bespattered as the shirt "buzzom" which is streaked with the chrome dribblings of his unmanageable quid. As a chief executive he is best measured by his tobacco-eating methods. He has bitten off a chew too big for him and for the sometime comely spotlessness of his surroundings. The negro of Arkansas may or may not be downtrodden, but that he is ruled by Jefferson Davis entitles him to a meed of commiseration.

Bret Harte's Literary Longevity

THE works of Bret Harte, especially his prose tales of the 49ers, will live longer in the literature of the Anglo-Saxon than many more serious and stately contributions to the world's library of fiction. Between the exacting requirements of the critic and the historian on one hand, and the story-reading majority on the other, Bret Harte occupies a peculiarly fortunate position. There is too much rugged, certainty of style, too much unstudied evidence of the literary craftsman, too many signs of the born artist in his writings to permit the most captious critic to relegate him from the ranks of foremost American writers. The historian, even while he exposes the heroic exaggerations, the distorted examples and the far-fetched features of Harte's handling of the raw material at his hand, cannot deny that the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" has left us the best and the boldest character records of the early days of the argonauts. The vivid realism and perennial stir of the scenes and incidents of those stories of the gold diggings, are as convincing to-day as they were a quarter of a century ago. They have lost nothing of human interest by the perspective of time and distance. With the fiction-reading public that is the sure test of permanency. A good story that remains a good story even to the third and fourth reading and after years of intervening exploration amongst newer books, is likely to live on without the assuring aid of approved literary artistry. "Robinson Crusoe," "Tristram Shandy" and a dozen other examples of the ever-green narrative will be thumbed and pored over when many a noble monument of more finished workmanship is crumbled and forgotten. And it is this link between the robust demands of the healthy and even coarse popular appetite, and the discerning appreciation of the expert, that makes strong and sure the chain that is to join and hold the past and the future of American literature in an unbroken and logical sequence. The red-shirted, be-leathered miner of Bret Harte's stirring yarns may have been an exaggerated presentment, but it had the safe basis of reality and its strongest emphases were but the bold strokes of the artist who energized the figures and set them convincingly in scenes whose titanic wonders no human fancy can exaggerate. And the West took those pictures of itself and "lived up to them" to such a degree that the very vagaries of the author's fancy, became afterwards the realities of the life that he described.

World's Fair Postponement

THE apologetic manner in which the postponement of the World's Fair has been announced both by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Directors and by the daily newspapers is either insincere or mistaken. At any rate it is wholly uncalled for. No apology is necessary unless it be to explain why it was not so decided long ago. The stubborn insistence that the work could be completed in a year has fooled nobody unless it be the givers of such unreasonable assurances. The manner in which the affairs of management were conducted for the past six months gives ground

for the suspicion that the wise-men of the Fair councils knew all along that the question of postponement would remain unanswered only as long as they remained non-committal. There may have been reason for this disingenuous secrecy, but it had the effect of convincing the uninitiated that the Fair managers' merry converse was all through their sky-pieces. However, there is no reason to be ashamed of the postponement. Every international exposition that has not been postponed would have gained by such a procedure. St. Louis, and, incidentally, the whole world, will probably manage to survive an extra year of waiting for the Fair. The forces of the enterprise will find their time and their resources symmetrically taxed during every week of the interval if the culmination is to meet, not to say surpass, the promises of the promoters and the hopes of St. Louis. The two chief aims of the whole business are to finally show the nations a Fair incomparably the best and most beautiful of all, and to unveil it in a state of perfect completion on the day of its opening.



Living Up to His Name

AT this writing the worst that has been proved against Gen. Smith is that he has made no adequate effort to live down his old army sobriquet of "Hell Roaring Jake."



Naval Ethics and Rowdyism

THE scandalous behavior and subsequent punishment of some of the officers and sailors of the American cruiser *Chicago*, at Venice will, of course, fail of attaining the proportions either of a departmental uproar or an international tangle. The facts in the case are neither unique nor blood-curdling. The unusual feature of the story is that so many of its details reached, and were published in, the newspapers of the United States. It is not the first, by a hundred times, that American marines, after a long cruise, have gone "dippy" over their first shore-leave. Usually we are tersely informed that it was the jackies who "cut up tempestuous," and that they were severely reprimanded by the officers. There has been a disposition in the navy to give out the impression that the enlisted men were reckless, underbred rascals who required all the harsh dominance, the haughty surveillance and the unselfish patience of the officers, as safeguards of the welfare of the establishment and the honor of the flag. It has been argued that the men should not be permitted to rise above the rank of petty officers for the reason that they were, by nature and habit, unequal to the lofty task of sustaining the social dignity of the navy in foreign ports during times of peace. The Venice incident may put at least a temporary quietus upon the high-and-mighty attitude of the commissioned poseurs who have sought to maintain an aristocracy in the navy that has no bearing upon genuine discipline. Some of the officers of the *Chicago* have proved their inability to conceal rowdyism under their Annapolis patents of nobility. Their punishment should have been severe in proportion to their official superiority of the men who did no worse. Anyhow, the awed civilian may now rest assured, if not satisfied, that the shoulder-straps of a commissioned officer will hardly serve as a celestial halo, and by the same process of reasoning it may become evident that a mere gunner is necessarily not a hopeless underling.



St. Louis and the Southwest

THE welcome activities of the Rock Island and of the Santa Fe in seeking entrances and terminals in St. Louis have a significance quite aside from the problematical World's Fair boom and the incidental desire of these two great trunk lines to effect direct connections between this city and Chicago. For the past ten years the character and personnel of St. Louis' commercial forces have been undergoing a gradual but marked transformation. There has been a passing of the old, ultra-conservative founders of the leading business houses and with them the wane of early methods and waiting policies. The young men have come into the field. The jobbers, factors and railroad men of the St. Louis of to-day, if they had flourished here twenty years ago, would have been "the boys" of that

hesitating time. Since their advent trade methods have been metamorphosed. The Southwestern empire, the new country, has been the first arena of their emprise. When they first invaded it they found Chicago and even New York alert before them for the prizes of a young market. They were confronted with Chicago nerve and New York "cutters." They showed an ability to not only "take a chance" but to hang on. They met their rivals at their own game and showed them a few new tricks. The St. Louis railroads helped them. In the last five years St. Louis houses, of a dozen different lines, have not only caught their Chicago rivals in the new country, but have "eaten them up raw." The Rock Island and the Santa Fe are not coming into St. Louis for the sole reason that the World's Fair will make it a most attractive point, nor for the correlative reason that the Chicago-St. Louis traffic is essential to their business. They are coming after the freight tonnage that this city is now sending into Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas in such extraordinary quantities that the business of Chicago in similar lines and in the same territory has become pitifully small by contrast. In this connection, and as a sidelight upon the sane study of the relations between the railroads and the public prerogatives, it were well to remember that the very co-operation and enterprise of the St. Louis roads which helped to make this city pre-eminent in the commerce of the Southwest, has also operated to invite and make certain the coming competition of the Chicago roads that are now locating here. In commerce, as in all other modes of effort, there is an unwritten, but inevitable law of equilibrium. Excellence always beckons emulation. Prowess always challenges new champions. The railroad, the business house, the community which may seem too assertive, too forward, too arrogant, by their seeming selfishness, certainly make for the ultimate equalization and community of those very interests which they may at part appear to overshadow or invade.



A Lost Opportunity

ALAS and alack for Long Branch's hopes of surpassing all rivals as a twentieth century summer resort! All efforts to secure legislative permission to build an annex courthouse at the merry New Jersey bathing place have failed. It was hoped that such a temple of justice, equipped with a benevolent judge and a few score of alert and versatile lawyers, would have enabled the mirthful revelers to settle their domestic wrangles, acquire their alimonies, dispense their damages, get their divorces and hook up again, without taking off their bathing suits or brushing the salt out of their hair. With all their whirr and bustle, the wheels of progress grind but slowly after all.



New Novel by a St. Louisan

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY will, next Saturday, offer to the fiction reading world a new novel by a St. Louisan, whose name and past performance as a poet, short-story writer and newspaper man certainly justify the belief that his first contribution to the world of books will be notable. Mr. Ripley D. Saunders has for many years been the leading editorial writer of the *St. Louis Republic*, and it was in the columns of that paper that he first displayed a singularly happy ability to express in verse and rhythm the sane, sweet, robust optimism that characterizes all his writings. "John Kenadie" is the life-story of a kindly, tender man in whose blood yet runs the fierce and unforgetting strain of a Kentuckian's hereditary but slumbering feud. The scene is laid among the hills and valleys of Arkansas and presents a vivid picture of rural life among the well-to-do people of that romantic region. There *John Kenadie*, as a boy, is tossed by the whim of fate into daily companionship with the unknowing inheritor of his blood-feud. A warm friendship, strained and threatened at times by the inbred antipathies of their characters, leads them at last into a keen rivalry for the hand of a beautiful girl. The climax begins when *John Kenadie* learns the story of the feud between his father and the father of his friend and rival. A duel is said to

tie the tangled skeins of the plot into a most engrossing and impenetrable knot, but the denouement, full of stirring and logical action, sweeps the narrative to a symmetrical and satisfying finish. These few indications of the style and trend of the story have been gleaned from the publishers' announcements. Mr. Saunders has already a large and discriminating following that has good reason to expect a success in this, his first appearance between covers. The book will be reviewed at length in the columns of next week's MIRROR.



The Public Buildings Bill

THE public buildings bill in Congress this year carries an appropriation of \$17,405,450 with which it is proposed to adorn 174 cities which think they need a Federal structure of some sort, or an improvement of some kind in the government buildings they have already. The system of Congressional "courtesy" by which legislators aid each other to secure such benefits for their constituents, is a species of reciprocity in which the tax-paying general public, without being consulted or considered, is required to pay all the freight. The public building measures of every Congress, for the past quarter of a century, have been regarded as a legitimate source of electioneering fertilizer by every rural statesman who could contrive an excuse for spending Federal money in his "home town." To get an appropriation through "for the folks" usually means another term, more influence, more glory for the successful Congressman. The statesman who can't grab off a slice of this ready money for his district would be regarded as a failure if he were the best debater, the most upright lawmaker and the most unselfish patriot that ever went to Washington. It begins to look as if the present Congress not only regarded the public buildings appropriation as an armory of self-defensive munitions, but as the easiest and cheapest means of forestalling the cost of what promises to be a very expensive campaign for re-election. Next to the river and harbor bill it carries the largest chunk of Federal pork to be issued this year, and it seems not unfair to venture the opinion that the opportunity has been somewhat overplayed.



Congressional Tricks and Tactics

CONGRESS' inquiry into the conduct of the war in the Philippines has now fully developed into a game of political ping pong. The Republicans started the investigation in the belief that it could not fail to reflect added glory upon the army and exploit to the public satisfaction the real progress of the work done in the islands. The President, who has a wholesome penchant for letting the public know everything that it regards as its own affair, has been perfectly frank and vigorous in his demand for thorough exposure of the truth in the case. But neither he nor the Republicans in Congress seem to have foreseen the admirable, if not wholly honest, manner in which the Democratic leaders whip-sawed the whole affair into a boomerang upon which they hope to realize considerable campaign pyrotechnics for the approaching Congressional canvass. The Democrats in the Senate have outwitted the Republicans and, though the whole business has been forced into the posture of a political game, it is not hard to see that the minority has a shade the best of it. The Republicans show a lack of adhesion in the details of the argument of which their opponents have already taken advantage and which may result in further embarrassing, not only the majority in Congress, but the President himself. Senator Allison, for instance, wanted to evade the demand for Maj. Gardner's presence as a witness, and end the whole wrangle by passing the appropriation bill and adjourning by June 15th. The reason for Allison's haste to quell the debate is, of course, that the longer it continues the more opportunities there will be for the Democrats to stir up the muss. Platt, Aldrich, Spooner and some others preferred the bold plan of sticking to the fight, in the belief that the common sense of the people would at last justify the administration and the management of military affairs in the Philippines. It is not good tactics to leave the settlement of even such seemingly slight differences for debate on the

floor. It is one way of "showing your hand" which a smart minority never overlooks. The Democrats want the debate on the Philippine bill to run till June 1. They don't want it to pass at all. But if the discussion is prolonged till June, what will become of the other important measures to which the Administration has almost pledged itself. President Roosevelt is determined to do something for Cuba. He doesn't want the Canal Bill to be left over for the next House of Representatives, which is an unknown quantity. To make matters worse, there are anti-Cuban reciprocity Republicans in secret cabal for the purpose of encouraging the Democrats to stand out on the Philippine bill so that the Cuban measure may be side-tracked in the pell-mell for adjournment. It would seem that the amateurish tactics of the Republican majority, quite as much as the tricky opportunism of the well-handled Democratic minority, is responsible for the quandary into which the President and his adherents have been temporarily thrust.



Dockery and Our Dave

THE postponement of the World's Fair and the beef trust investigation, in Missouri, simultaneously seem to furnish the unlooked for bases upon which the slumbering opportunities for some fancy politics are to be awakened and set into activity. The Kansas City *Journal* 'cutely discusses what promises to develop into a very interesting attempt on the part of the Democratic politicians of Missouri to make the World's Fair postponement and the trust inquiry serve as offensive and defensive weapons in the somewhat forlorn enterprise of capturing the Democratic nomination for President in 1904; as follows: "The friends of Governor Francis are deeply interested in the movement of Attorney General Crow to do business with the beef trust. They see behind Crow the Governor of the State, the Hon. A. M. Dockery. They see this same Governor trying to raise a breeze for Presidential candidate. In doing this he interferes with Mr. Francis. It is Mr. Francis who wants the Democratic nomination for President. The postponement of the Fair one year makes 1904 a great year for Francis. Millions of people will attend the fair, and one of the attractions would be Mr. Francis, a candidate for President. The crowds could call on him at his home. There is an acre or more lawn around about his house. He could make speeches and run for President to advantage while the Fair is in full blast. This is the Francis programme. With the Dockery folks it is different. They say he is the man to have the delegation for President. They are planning to get the State support. The Missouri delegates will decide as between Francis and Dockery which to support. The Governor butting in to the beef trust is regarded as politics on his part to put himself in line of making the anti-trust issue. As that is emphasized Francis is injured. It hits him hard, for he is supposed to be strong with trust influences, and especially strong East. No Western Democrat, as estimated, would have the confidence of the East more than Francis. If Hill should fall down in New York State then, as we see it, Francis would be next in the popular mind. But if he is eliminated by Missouri, Dockery would fall next in line. It is understood that Dockery will force himself to the front on the beef trust matter, play it hard for popularity, with the hope of downing Francis in the State. Should he get the delegation he could place it for a cabinet position if defeated for President. Some are watching the Senatorial situation. It is believed Stone would quickly combine with Francis or Dockery, selecting the one most availing in point of strength." Little as we may regret the probable withdrawal of W. H. Thompson from the financial helm of the World's Fair, his absence can hardly fail to operate as an encouragement to those who have already shown their tendency to run things with an eye to the political thermometer. Between the Thompson idea of conducting a public enterprise as though it was a private-office scheme for financial profit, and the other plan of using the great exhibition and its attendant glories as campaign ammunition, there is little to choose. If Dickery Dockery can

hoodwink the Louisiana Purchase politicians out of any glory or advancement, even by the grand-stand play offered by the beef trust inquiry, he will have done the Fair a service regardless of the futility of his success or the transparency of his subterfuge.



The Choral Society

THE Choral-Symphony Society, having closed another year of artistic and educational success, now finds itself confronted with the onerous and recurrent duty of laying the necessary foundation for the coming year's work. The St. Louis newspapers, with one accord, are urging the public spirited men of the city to come forward quickly and willingly with the \$20,000 necessary. The sum required is so slight that the very necessity of soliciting it, even through the public prints, is an irony on the class of men whose generosity is thus challenged. The annual uncertainty over the future of the Choral-Symphony Society is the worst kind of advertising for the city, but it is forced by the hesitating approval and the querulous objections of the monied men who have always persisted in regarding the Society as one of those commendable enterprises which never seems to "get ahead." By "getting ahead" they mean making money. The average rich man of St. Louis can't get it through his head that anything can be a success unless it is at least self-sustaining. They have been giving money to the Choral-Symphony for years, but they always qualify their bounty with the suggestion that they are throwing good money after bad. The management of the Choral-Symphony Society has been as earnest and as efficient as possible under the conditions, but it will never and can never hammer the institution into the form or substance of a business organization. It is almost as much a part of the artistic and educational life of the city as the Art Institute or the Public Library and there should be no necessity to go begging among the wealthy men of St. Louis for a sum that is paltry in comparison with its purpose. Instead of waiting to be besought for dribbling hundreds, they should put thousands to work, placing the Society upon a sure foundation of dignified permanency.



The Mercantile Library

IN spite of the recent gradual diminution of membership in the St. Louis Mercantile Library, it is gratifying to observe that in appointments, in efficiency and in the notable specialization of its collection, its progress during the past ten years has more than offset any numerical loss of patronage that it has had or is likely to have for many years to come. Even in the formative days of the community before there was a public library in the United States, the Mercantile Library's efforts to popularize itself with the public had no other motive than to encourage habits of reading and research not so much as a pastime as a method of self-improvement and serious study. Librarian Horace Kephart, in explaining the transformation that has come over the historic institution of which he has charge, says: "Even in the palmy days of subscription libraries—before a free library was thought of—there never was a time when any of them prospered on membership fees alone. Nothing of this sort can succeed financially, unless it be a mere circulating book-shop with no higher aim than to gratify the fad of the hour, regardless of the consequences upon public taste. And even so, there is no American city in which such an institution as Mudie's or Smith's of London has ever really succeeded. The American subscription libraries to which I have alluded aimed at something higher than merely to gratify a taste for novel-reading. Every one of them was an educational force, every one of them bought books that would be read by only a few of its members; and it bought expensive books of reference that could not circulate. More than this; it employed men or women competent to give advice to the members in their choice of books, and to show them how to use the best books to the best advantage. All this was beyond the field of circulating book-shops. It cost money that membership-fees did not repay; and this money had to be raised by private subscriptions, lectures, fairs

and other expedients. But it was precisely because the mercantile libraries did strive to educate rather than amuse the public that they drew any aid from private beneficence. Subscription libraries in the United States continued to prosper until the free public library movement was well under way. Then their fortunes, one and all, experienced a sea-change. Competition between fee-charging libraries and free libraries was out of the question. Even had the resources of subscription libraries been equal to those of the free libraries, it is self-evident that the former must have lost heavily in membership. But the rivals were far from meeting on even terms as to endowment and income. Where the subscription library had thousands, the free library had hundreds of thousands. The inevitable result was that all those subscription libraries that clung to old methods quickly became extinct. Some of them sold out and disbanded. Others turned over their books and goodwill to the free institutions that were to succeed them. Only a few, blessed with larger means, and ready to change with the times, survived. Of these, the St. Louis Mercantile Library is the only one of its class that to-day has more members than it had twenty-five years ago. It is precisely as though our institution had once been a common school—the only school in St. Louis—primary, high, collegiate, professional, all in one. Then other schools arose, graded and specialized according to the needs of a growing community. And our school grew with the city, specialized with the city, drew ever from a less and less proportion of the mass, but ever from a better selected class of the people, and finally became a university. Would you expect that university to have as many pupils as all the other schools put together? Would the measure of its usefulness be determined by the mere number of those within its walls? At present we draw members chiefly from two classes of citizens: from those who like club privileges and can afford to pay for them, and from those who need books that they can find only in our collection. We no longer solicit memberships on the streets, nor get up fairs or other entertainments to attract the masses. We did not even coax unwilling friends to join, who would do so only to oblige a friend or to escape an importunate solicitor. Nor do I think we should do so. Members gained in such manner are a sign of weakness. The Mercantile Library should be judged, not by the number of its members, but by the quality and the intensity of the work done within its walls. That the work done here to-day is of higher quality than ever before, and that our members do more reading per capita, is true; and this truth is our justification."



Rumbold's Battery

IF the people of St. Louis have no deep-rooted, well-founded pride in Battery A, better known as "Rumbold's Battery," it is no fault of that organization. The battery has not only upheld St. Louis' prestige for military spirit, but has proved that the gentle breeding, of which we are wont to be proud, goes boldly and becomingly with martial aptitude. Capt. Rumbold, who led his gunners into the only activities known to St. Louis or Missouri troops during the Spanish war, has had his share of criticism from the people whose pets he exposed to all the unavoidable horrors and hardships of war. He and his men have been called "tin soldiers" until they made a record which prompted Gen. Williston, now retired, but, till two years ago, the acknowledged dean of the American artillery service, to say that Light Battery A of St. Louis was "the best volunteer command he had ever seen." Gen. Williston is a veteran of the Civil War. He designed most of the modern improvements which have made his branch of the American regular establishment the envy of the armies of Europe. Not content with having achieved credit for his complicated duties in Porto Rico, Capt. Rumbold, yet doubtful of himself, went to the Philippines as a Captain of volunteers. There he enhanced and fixed his standing as a leader of men and as a courageous, self-forgetting tactician. Lieutenant Ernest Weber, Rumbold's subordinate in Battery A, also crossed the seas as a captain to get a taste of

The Mirror

real fighting and to test his right to be called a soldier. Lieut. Shields, now of the regular organization, who served under Rumbold as a gunner, has won renown in the army of the Philippines. Bates Eno, the nephew of that old and ried war-horse General Bates, though denied by circumstances the opportunity to distinguish himself as a fighter, so attracted the attention of his superiors in the regular army that he was urged, with many promises of advancement, to join the establishment for whose exacting requirements he showed so marked a talent. After his long service and marked success as a soldier in the Philippines, Capt. Rumbold has come back to St. Louis to complete for the Battery the arduous work which he began a decade ago. He has no motive beyond the desire to see it perpetuated in the spirit, and by the measure of its past achievements and personnel. He wants to retire to the profitable practice of his profession. But he will not do so till Battery A, of which he is the guiding spirit, if not the father, is housed, established and sent forward upon its inherited career as the representative military organization of St. Louis. If there was ever a time when Rumbold was open to criticism for his acts or intentions, it has not been proved. His performances are the best gauges of a soldier's qualifications. The doughty captain has "made good." There is nothing selfish about his efforts to make Battery A a permanent, well equipped, satisfying evidence of the soldierly stability of this old, aristocratic and combat-loving community. In his work of upbuilding Battery A he should be aided, encouraged and praised. The "Dude Battery" has been through the mill and the officers who, in the old days, made it what it was, have since proved that they never asked their men to do aught that they dared not do themselves.

Are You Insured?

The Medart fire of this week, with its enormous loss to the insuring companies, strains the insurance situation in St. Louis still further. Since 1889, when the legislature began attempting to control the relations between the buyer of insurance and the seller, the companies have been gradually withdrawing their capital from the country towns and the cities till it is now very hard, and with some kinds of commercial risks impossible to get enough insurance. In Missouri the rate on farm houses is twice as much as in Illinois; in St. Louis the lack of insurance has so disquieted merchants that some of them are organizing a "Lloyd's" to insure themselves for the amounts they think they need over the sum the companies are willing to take. And, with all this, the insurance rate is higher than it was in 1889. So it seems plain that the laws designed originally to make plenty of sound, cheap fire insurance for the farmer and the merchant have worked the other way. In the city, too, the resentment of the insurance companies has been aggravated by two years of remarkably heavy losses. Agents differ in explaining these. Some say that the building laws are insufficiently enforced and that the Fire Department is not excellent; others content themselves by charging the fires to bad luck. However that may be, the Eastern aggregations of capital, which furnish insurance money for Missouri, have passed from pouting to sulkiness, and the experts, employed by all the big concerns here to manage their insurance matters, have found themselves working overtime lately to keep policies filled. Right now, a conflagration in the business center would hurt some of the merchants more than it would the companies. The matter is one of the first importance to the merchants, and the Business Men's League has taken a wise step by instituting an investigation into the conditions which is planned to be searching, candid and public as well. The League is composed of 300 of the most substantial and active merchants of the city, and includes all the heavy insurers. A general meeting of the members has been called for the evening of May 20, at the Mercantile Club, and the problem will be discussed in plain words by representatives of insurance capital and the merchants. The League will have Governor Dockery

and Insurance Commissioner Wagner as its guests at the meeting. Things will be doubtless clearer as to fire insurance in the State and in St. Louis after this meeting than they are now, but the business men of the League must not forget that the future of the fire insurance business is a commercial problem whose solution lies very deep. From Chicago we hear that mercantile rates have been raised higher than they are in St. Louis. What's the matter there? The New York trade papers are clamoring for legislation that will improve the situation in that town. It is heard from the town where the negotiations for the big hardware merger, in which the Simmons Hardware Co. is concerned, are going on, that this new trade colossus is thinking about carrying no insurance at all, saving its premiums and charging fires up to the loss account. Will there be eventually a big insurance merger, managed like a Lloyd's?

Richard Mansfield's Whim

MR. MANSFIELD'S statement that he proposes to retire from the stage after two years for the purpose of engaging in the writing of plays will be received with an interest bordering on amusement. In the announcements that have been given forth in the telegraphic dispatches it is asserted that Mr. Mansfield wants to leave the stage for the reason that his health is not good and that in order to relieve his "sufferings" he proposes to quit while it is yet time. There are those of us who think that this new news is merely a recurrence of Mansfieldian whimsicalness. It may be that Mr. Mansfield is not the father of the idea at all and that within a few days we shall hear that he has discharged a press agent for wilful misrepresentation. As for Mr. Mansfield's health, there has never been even the slightest suspicion of anything wrong with it. That he is nervous there can be no doubt, but it is the form of nervousness that afflicts all highly organized art, and it is no more dangerous than mild measles or a noisy whooping cough that runs through a winter. There is no actor in the American theater with bigger or better muscles than Mr. Mansfield; no actor who can stand as much hard work and be fit after it; no actor who does as much with his brain in half a dozen directions as Mr. Mansfield, and no actor, if one may be pardoned for a flat contradiction of the item of the other day, who is devoting as little time to serious thought of retirement than this same Mr. Mansfield. He may find moments, just as all of us do, when it seems best that ideals should be thrown to the careless winds, but in full truth, Mr. Mansfield lives his art and the work that it means for him. As a playwright, this actor is less than an experiment. As an actor, he holds the first place in America. This place is worth one hundred thousand dollars a year and a good living for him, his family, and his players. One of these days we shall probably hear something of the reasons that brought out the strange announcement, but at this time there is only left the choice between the guess of whether the actor is joking or that of whether some one had played a joke on him.

Kansas City and Crime

THE reform enthusiasts of Kansas City, in their wild zeal for cases in point, have seized upon Chief of Police Hayes' report showing that, during the fiscal year ending April 21st, his department made 16,240 arrests! This record-breaking performance in a highly civilized community of only 200,000 people is, cry the reformers, proof positive that Kansas City is rushing down the broad path to moral destruction. There is no evading the fact that it is a remarkably large percentage of arrests, one for every twelve of the city's population, heavier than the police records of New York City, and proportionately greater than London's. But the reformers, as usual, seem to overlook the fact that the pith of the startling proposition lies in the fact that the Kansas City police must have put in a very busy year. Looking into the classifications of arrests, for instance, we find that 2,195 were "for investigation,"

nearly 600 were apprehended for the purpose of enforcing the teamsters' license law, over 800 were charged with vagrancy, and disorderly conduct brought 2,378 to book before the authorities. No well-informed metropolitan will sneer at Kansas City for this proof of the activity of her police department. It is a record for her people to be proud of and for the police of other cities to emulate. The second city of this State is peculiarly a stop-over for trans-continental travel; it has the earned reputation of being a live town; "it looks good" to adventurous, young spirits who have only their wits left with which to retrieve their fortunes. Like all virile, pushing cities it is blessed, and at the same time cursed, with that exuberance of spirit that is apt to boil over in an occasional rough house. The large percentage of "transients," another indication of the progressiveness of the town, fully accounts for the many "suspects" gathered in for a talk with Chief Hayes. New York, Chicago and St. Louis can well afford to admire and envy these police activities. It might be profitable, and would certainly be an interesting answer to the St. Louis advocates of a moral disinfection of this city before the World's Fair, if our own police would fatten their official batting averages by seining the tenderloin, drag-netting dives, and writing "held for the chief" upon the jail register with more frequency and greater ardor. This town is ulcerated with more quasi decent "joints" than any city west of Chicago. It would do no harm and it might do much good if the police made themselves more familiar, officially, with the "family entrances" of saloons in the North, South and West ends. A few well-knit trammels judiciously set in any of the down-town streets at night would yield a heavy haul of errant way-walkers who might be induced to explain to the Chief the origin and cause of their evident security in openly plying a trade that offends every sense of even civic respectability. Instead of gaping, shocked, at the wholesale incarceration of doubtful characters in Kansas City or elsewhere, the reformers as well as the less positive advocates of communal cleanliness, should say "well done."

Baseball and Liberty

THE decision of the Circuit Court in the suit to enforce baseball contracts against the withdrawal of certain ball-players from the National to the American League, seems to be as popular as it is equitable. The barter of personal liberty by players who were confronted with the black-list as an alternative, has been a stench in sporting nostrils for a score of years. The practice may have made for the discipline of the irrepressible young men who can be found in every club, but it also hampered the individual standing and curbed the ambitious energies of the best spirits in the game. In everything but name, it amounted to slavery by forcing men into the commodity list. The commodity idea is "good business" but bad sport when applied to human beings. The abolishment of the personal barter clause in baseball government will rejuvenate the men and revive some of the waning interest of a public that is weary of lawing, jawing, bickering "sportsmen." Play ball!

Club Women and Prejudice

THE convention of women's clubs assembled at Los Angeles, has just determined that negro organizations shall not be admitted to general membership. This is the most important work done by the assemblage thus far and its only significance lies in the fact that it contradicts the boasted catholicity of the affiliated organizations of women who think they have a communal and economic "mission" for the uplift, social, mental and moral, political and personal of all the female creatures in the world. If the club women in federation have any motive or excuse for their activities, in barring the door against the negro women, they have lopped off half of their opportunity, and if they are at all considerate or wise, they will quit scattering and stick to the social and special purposes which seem essential to even the most daring concerted efforts of the new woman.

MORGAN'S LATEST MOVE.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THE latest products of J. P. Morgan's wonderful genius are the Metropolitan Securities Company, of New York, and the steamship combine. The latter has been lengthily discussed in the newspapers, and all sorts of conjectures have been indulged in as to the why and wherefore. It does not look as though anybody had any intelligent idea of the combine, and as Morgan and his friends are not very talkative about the matter and their purposes, it would be useless to make hazardous or futile guesses. So much may be asserted, however: Morgan and his syndicate will reap a harvest, no matter what the end may be, while the public will not be afforded any cause to grow enthusiastic or to pat itself on the back about the efforts to monopolize the realm of Neptune. The English, despite some sensational articles in second-rate newspapers and a few howls about Morgan's attempt to make a Rule Columbia out of Rule Britannia, do not seem to be very much excited, and to take things more philosophically and, withal, more sensibly, than the average American, whose head has been somewhat unbalanced, in matters of this kind, by the last four years' developments and the fantastical prognostications of some brain-addled prophets. . . To monopolize traffic on the oceans, where everybody has a chance, will be a dangerous and, undoubtedly, unprofitable experiment, even if important railroad-systems are taken into the combination. However, Morgan will not bother his head about far-distant results. He will finance the deal and try to maintain a stock-market equilibrium until he has disposed of his holdings of stock and the public has bitten off more than it will be able to chew.

So far as the Metropolitan Securities Company is concerned, all competent critics are agreed that it is a swindle, pure and simple, and nothing else. The management of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company is trying to explain and to hoodwink minority stockholders by predictions of large profits from a curtailment of operating expenses and a guaranteed dividend of 7 per cent per annum. There are also hints of future absorptions of rival concerns. Some weeks ago, the courts upheld the new organization and denied an injunction to kicking shareholders, but an appeal has been taken, and it is to be hoped that the court of last resort will prevent the consummation of this outrageous, dishonest and disreputable stock-jobbing scheme. Of course, Morgan, in view of big profits involved, will tell you that his latest achievement is highly creditable. Everything that he does is creditable, as long as there is "money in it." In spite of the guaranteed dividend of 7 per cent there is a well-defined impression that the company will not be able to maintain such a rate for any length of time, so that the question obtrudes itself: "Who will guarantee the guarantor's guaranty?"

These Securities Companies are getting quite fashionable. Shallow-minded reasoners argue that the late Morgan specialties are nothing but an additional step forward in the consolidation movement. That may be, but it is much more probable that the Northern Securities Company, the United States Steel Company and the Metropolitan Securities Company are the results of wild, dangerous and unscrupulous stock-jobbing. Take the United States Steel Company, for instance: First we had the various more or less important concerns, scattered all over the East and Middle West; then we had the Federal Steel, the American Steel & Wire, the American Steel Hoop, the National Steel and some other concerns, each, of course, containing a large percentage of *aqua pura*. Afterwards there occurred some absorptions of minor plants, accompanied by the customary stock-rigging and manipulation. Then John W. Gates came along, ruled things with a high hand in the American Steel & Wire Company, ran shares up and down in a manner that made the hearts of stock-gamblers thump with excitement and unwonted joy, until he stopped this with an order to shut down various plants,

owing to increasing competition and over-production. He also found it convenient to interview himself and to assume the role of a croaking raven. He declared, in short, that the iron and steel boom was all fake. Of course, these manœuvres constituted part of the disreputable schemes of Gates and his friends. While there was, at that time, some overproduction, it had not assumed such proportions as to warrant Gates' fits, or such a sudden and violent slump in prices on the stock exchange.

After Gates had subsided somewhat, our old friend Carnegie leaped into sudden prominence by projecting a huge tube plant on the shores of Lake Erie, in opposition to the National Tube Company. The latter was partly controlled by Morgan and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Carnegie stirred up a veritable hornets' nest, especially when he threw down the gauntlet and declared that he would construct his own railroad line to tidewater. It may have been a bluff on the part of the thrifty, shrewd Scotchman, yet Morgan thought it threatening enough to interfere. Morgan had no use for such obstreperous people. They endangered his own schemes, which were vast, and promised to be both "profitable and creditable."

Morgan cudgelled his brain. Something had to be done to stop Gates and Andy. There were consultations galore; mysterious "tips" and rumors emanated from Wall street, until announcement was made in the papers that the United States Steel Company had been formed. Both of the fighting, yet honorable gentlemen above named were pacified and allowed to enlarge their bank-accounts very handsomely. Gates "unloaded" his holdings of stock at high prices, and Andy received a very substantial compensation in choice United States Steel 5 per cent bonds. The old lord of Skibo Castle prefers bonds, under any and all circumstances. He knows a good thing, when he sees it.

The history of the billion dollar steel trust is familiar. It has been fairly smooth, so far, but the breakers are not very far off. Morgan and his clique have disposed of most of their stock (which they received as their commission for financing the deal,) and that is probably the reason why the shares of the trust are no longer very active or vigorous in their movement. The cream seems to be off. If the shares should experience a good rise again, it will probably be in conjunction with other stocks, or on the announcement of a new plan of Morgan's, involving further choice commissions. That new plan might probably consist in the formation of a United States Steel Securities Company. Morgan will milk his prosperous-looking cows as long and as often as he can. A short time ago, the steel trust issued \$250,000,000 new 5 per cent bonds, \$50,000,000 of which was for the purpose of raising additional working capital. Morgan was entrusted with the financial end of the deal, as usual, and allowed to make more commissions. On one side, the steel trust is paying dividends, and on the other borrowing fresh capital. Quite an interesting state of affairs. It will be more interesting after a while.

The above furnishes an illustration of modern methods of financing deals in Wall street. There is no conservatism, no regard for honesty. It is all stock-jobbing and wild-cat methods. Of course, the names of Morgan, Rockefeller, Hill and Harriman give things a somewhat honorable aspect and tend to conceal what is going on below the surface. If there was any sound, sensible method of finance or speculation in the Northern Securities deal, it is difficult to detect it with the most powerful microscope. These big men are all gamblers, throwing sand in the eyes of the public and easing their conscience, once in a while, by founding a new college or library. When they have made \$25,000,000 they let the public have the benefit of \$25,000. It is not very exhilarating to ponder such developments and methods. And yet they say Morgan is a devout church-member and quite a favorite with his brethren. What a world of hypocrisy and humbug!

The socialists smile and declare that things are coming their way; that all this consolidation business, all this community-of-interest craze will end in Government control of railroads and public utilities generally. That may be,

and it may be, also, after the Government has obtained control of everything in sight, somebody else than the socialists will smile. The schemes of socialists are only a *Fata Morgana*, an enchanting Utopia. When they have been realized, it will be the same old thing over again. Mankind always has, and always will, like to be fooled. We will never be satisfied; if we were to be satisfied for any length of time, we would make no progress. We are bettering our condition right along, but only relatively. While we enlarge our means of enjoyment, we enlarge our capacity to enjoy. This may be an old truism, yet it is important enough to keep in mind. "What thou hast not, still thou strivest to get, and what thou hast, thou forget'st."

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SNIPE SHOOTING.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

THERE is a vast deal more in the sport of snipe-shooting than merely the killing of the game. True, there is excitement in the uncertainty of when a bird may spring up from the cover and dart away to left or right, and there is also the slight savagery left in many men which delights in the joys of hunting—the pitting of one's knowledge of outdoors, and the habits of game, and outwitting the quarry.

But there is a higher and more satisfying thrill in the close communion with wind and sky, with the uplifted grass and the unfolding of all the myriad wonderment of spring. There is that in an April morning by the marshes which holds a message to the men who feel and know the significance of Nature.

What tenderness, what infinite, lingering pathos lies in the blue-bird's sweet warble, only the outdoor men can say. What clear flute may hope to equal this heralding note of green fields and flowing brooks? Perched on the "rider" of some crumbling rail fence, with bright blue wings lighting the dawn as might a bit of deepest-azure sky, the blue-bird quavers briefly his few unapproachable, musical notes, and is away, like the memories of something rare and almost forgotten, like fragments of old song struck from the strings of a deserted harp by wandering and restless winds.

By the pastures, as you cross, will often rise a dun and white-colored bird, erratic of wing, complaining of voice. In the fields he will skim swiftly over the ground, and when the hunter draws nearer he will raise a piercing call, "killdee, killdee," and whirl off in irregular flight over the hills. A most curious and sprite-like bird is the killdee, or kildeer, or ring-necked plover as he is variously termed. Sometimes, when suddenly started, his raucous cry rises almost to a scream. At times a flock of these birds will stand motionless by the shore of a lake or river, so still that they might be shadows, gray sprites of the waterside.

Along the fences as you pass will rise, on strong but laborious wing, the flicker or golden-winged woodpecker. His flight is a succession of dips and rises, which, while not so abrupt as the flight of the "quills" and others of the woodpecker tribe, is always in undulations. The glint of his wings is faint gold, as the wings of the dawn are.

"When morn's gold wings grow fainter
And in depths of amber die."

His call is a high, piercing cackle. Sometimes this is kept up in a succession of notes that make it a long-drawn-out, chattering cry. There is no music in the flicker's call, as has been mistakenly supposed by some of our superficial writers, but there is a challenging boldness to it which accords well with his vigorous flight, his confident bearing and splendid plumage.

Crossing further towards the marsh you will frighten from the grasses the timid meadow-larks, with golden breasts, spotted with black near the throat, and fading into sober gray toward the tail-feathers. True starlings, as a matter of fact, and with us singers only of a few sweet, melancholy notes. Further West they are singers of remarkable sweetness and wide compass of note, so much does locality change conditions and habit.

The flight of the meadow-lark is jerky when rising, yet, when well under way, his wings carry him easily and gracefully out of danger.

He loves to perch on a fence-post or the top of some tall weed, and numbers of them will, at times, congregate in the branches of a tree, in the extreme top limbs and swing with the winds which sweep across the prairies.

Overhead, as you push on towards the snipe-ground, the crows go by. Genuine freebooters of the air, they command respect for their pertinacity, their strength of wing, their cunning and powers of endurance. Wind blow hot or wind blow cold the crow comes and goes and flings his ebony pinions high in the track of storms. Rain, hail, sleet or snow he holds his unwearied course, a type in Nature significant of Nature's own irrevocable course, as fixed as time, as staunch as death itself. As the crow flies—straight across country, unheeding the withering heat of summer or the north wind's fiercest blasts; as the crow flies—direct to the goal, silent, stern, he represents the type of strength, whether in bird or man, the faith which lends itself to the development of courage, without which there is no achievement.

As you draw nearer in to the edges of the marsh, where the ground becomes wet and boggy, the grass scattered and sparse-growing, there is a sharp, clucking sound,—a bird rises from the cover and is away as rapidly as a streak of sunlight flits in between half-opened shutters. It is scolopax, the jack-snipe, long of bill, twisty of flight, slender and exceedingly graceful of form. He rises up wind, and as you swing the gun into position, aim a foot ahead of him and pull trigger. He sinks in the sunlight, blends with the grass and the apparition has vanished. Like a shadow he sprang from the marsh, like a shadow he has returned. As you walk ahead to pick him up where you marked his fall, another and still another of his kind rise and go swiftly away. You have come into a wisp of the birds and for a few minutes you have good shooting. It will be a matter for the trained vision of the practiced hunter to mark down the dead birds accurately and find four or five of them scattered in the grass.

If you have winged a bird he will be easy to find, for the snipe and plover when wing-tipped do not crawl away and hide, as ducks do, and upland game like ruffed grouse and quail. A winged jack-snipe is one of the easiest of all birds to gather, as when any one comes near he begins to hop up and down and thus reveals his whereabouts.

After you have thoroughly hunted this little spot you go on further down the line of wet ground, watching the cover like a hawk. Occasionally the birds flush wild, then it takes quick shooting to get them, especially good shooting to make doubles.

While going along the edges of a marsh a man will not infrequently have a great, awkward yellowish-brown bird, with long legs and ungainly flight, burst out of the grass and fly slowly away. It is the bittern, sometimes locally termed the "stake-driver" or "thunder-pumper;" a picturesque bit of Nature, entirely harmless, and in keeping with the weirdness and wildness of the marshes. A sportsman never shoots one, though naturalists sometimes do. A genuine sportsman does not shoot song-birds, or birds which are not true game birds. He only shoots birds in the season in which the law permits him. Often a prairie chicken rises from the pastures right at his feet, while shooting snipe in the spring, but it is no temptation at all to a man who is a genuine sportsman.

In shooting snipe in April there are often chances to get ducks. When the law allows it a man can pick up here and there a pair of teal or mallards, especially when crossing over "slues" where there are pools well hidden by tall grass. Here the ducks are liable to drop in. They sometimes get up so near that a fair shot is able to get a bird with each barrel.

Nothing is more beautiful than outdoors in the early spring months. The tender green of the willows, the vague and shimmering wastes of marshland, the vast sweep of distant horizons and the deep vaults of sky and clouds combine to paint pictures which a man never for-

gets. There is a healing and softening influence about these first days of bud and blossom which the full-laden days of summer and the royal purple of autumn does not lend. It is the renewal of youth, the yearning of dreams, the very poetry of existence to drink in the wine of smokeless air and hear the winds sweep over leagues of whispering grass. There is coolness in the earliest breath of the breezes, and a warm clasp, like that of a dear friend, in the rays of the mid-day sun. There is color, music, repose, the lifelong day.

There are good men and true who do not believe in any kind of spring shooting. For myself I do very little duck-shooting, if any, in the spring months. But spring snipe-shooting holds a peculiar fascination for me, and I am very well content to go all day and get half a dozen birds only, just to see and hear and feel the renewal of all the gladness of the earth.

It was so when I was a boy, and it will be so until the end. It may be admitted, for the benefit of the "unco" tender-hearted that the practice is hard on the snipe, particularly when they are plentiful, and a good shot gets in among them. But the coldest-blooded hypocrites I ever met have been those who prated of cruelty to birds and animals while oppressing their fellow-men, and the warmest-hearted men I have ever known, with here and there an exception, have been those who loved the gun and the rod.



AN UNTHEATRICAL NATION.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE opponents of any reform in theatrical organization—the champions of the policy of letting ill alone—have no more favorite argument than the assertion that we are "not a theatrical people." The French are a theatrical people: therefore they have good theaters. The Germans have good theaters: therefore (I presume) they are a theatrical people. But it seems that when Britain first at heaven's command arose from out the azure main, this was the charter of the land, that Britons never should be actors. Consequently the present inferiority of the British theater, which some people vainly imagine to be due to historical causes, easy to discern and not difficult to counteract, is seen to be a thing inexorably preordained, which it is little less than impiety to dream of altering.

Convenient as this theory is to the party of apathy, it is attended by a few slight difficulties. There must, of course, be some mistake about the popular notion that the greatest dramatist of the modern world was an Englishman. No doubt a cipher will one day be discovered proving that the works of Shakespeare were in reality written by Montaigne, and that the Stratford poacher merely translated them into English. But, Shakespeare apart, there remain the remarkable facts that, after the middle ages, this untheatrical nation was the first to bring theatrical art to maturity; that English actors and plays, early in the 17th century, gave the first impulse to anything like theatrical art in Germany; that Lessing, a century and a half later, remade the German drama and theater almost entirely under English influences; and that it was English actors in English plays who, about seventy-five years ago, gave the determining impulse to the romantic movement in French drama. It cannot but seem odd that an incorrigibly untheatrical people should have left such indelible marks upon the theatrical history of Europe.

But still stranger is it to observe that, until almost our own day, no human being, British or foreign, had noticed this incapacity of the British nation for theatrical art. It had escaped the observation of Dryden, of Addison, of Pope, of Churchill, of Johnson. Hazlitt overlooked it, Lamb dreamed not of it, Scott, Byron, even Dickens, would have heard of it with amazement. But native witnesses may, of course, be biased; let us for a moment try to see ourselves as our Continental neighbors see us. I do not know of any foreign criticisms of English acting between the Restoration and the middle of the eighteenth century. Some must surely exist, and I should be grateful for reference to them. Voltaire, it is true, leveled a general attack at the English theater; but it was the barbarism (as he considered it) of the drama that he had in view, not any lack of ability in

the actors. English acting emerges into European note with Garrick, and it emerges in a blaze of glory. Diderot, who had been familiar with a whole generation of great French actors, cites Garrick in support of his famous *Paradoxe sur le Comedien*, apostrophizing him in these terms:

"I take thee to witness Roscius, of England, celebrated Garrick! thee, who, by the unanimous consent of all existing nations, art held the greatest actor they have known!"

Grimm, writing of a performance of the French actor Caillot, says, "I defy Garrick, the great Garrick, to play the part better." The enthusiastic account of Garrick's *Hamlet* by the German critic Lichtenberg is well known, and is too long to quote. Briefly, it can scarcely be contested that Garrick has left a greater name in the annals of his art than any other individual actor. Other actors, English and foreign, have doubtless rivalled him in this department and in that; no other actor of whom the world holds record appears to have been so great in every department. "But Garrick," say the innate-inferiority theorists, "was half French!" If their allegation be simply that the pure-bred Anglo-Saxon is incapable of acting, it is not of sufficient practical moment to be worth refuting; for where is the pure-bred Anglo-Saxon to be found?

So far as native testimony goes, there can be no doubt that Mrs. Siddons was one of the greatest actresses that ever lived; but foreign testimony seems to be curiously scanty. It must be remembered that she was at the height of her fame during the years when England was isolated by the great French war. Still, we have one high tribute to her, by no slight authority, in this remark of Chateaubriand:

"Mistress Siddons, in the part of *Lady Macbeth*, played with extraordinary grandeur; the sleep-walking scene froze the spectator with dread. Talma alone stood on a level with this actress; but his talent had a certain Greek correctness which was absent from that of Mistress Siddons."

Even the reservation implied in the last remark probably means no more than that the different styles of the two artists were suited to the entirely different styles of drama which they were accustomed to interpret. Mrs. Siddons's sole rival, Miss O'Neill, is celebrated in the following enthusiastic terms in the letters of the German traveler, Prince Puckler-Muskau:

"I never saw more than one individual who (if I may use the expression) had a perfectly cosmopolitan organization—the perhaps never-equalled, certainly never surpassed, Miss O'Neill. In her it was only the pure abstract human mind and soul that spoke; nation, time and external appearance vanished from the thoughts in an ecstasy which carried all before it."

Miss O'Neill, of course, was Irish, and probably Celtic; but even supposing mimetics to be a specially Celtic function (a theory for which there is no sufficient evidence) we, with our large Celtic admixture, ought, at any rate, to be more of a theatrical people than our cousins the Germans.

There are hosts of foreign witnesses to the great acting of the Kean-Macready-Charles Kemble generation. Stendhal, for instance, praises Kean at the expense of Talma and his followers, bidding them "go and see Kean in 'Richard III.' and 'Othello.'" Heine, certainly no Anglomaniac, gives a eulogistic analysis of Kean's *Shylock*. Prince Puckler-Muskau, who was familiar with the best that Germany and France could produce in the way of histrionic art, is full of praise for the English actors of 1826 and thereabouts. He praises Liston, Mathews and Mme. Vestris; eulogizes Charles Kemble's *Falstaff* and Young's *Hotspur*; and gives a detailed and enthusiastic criticism of Macready's *Macbeth*. When he sees Kean as *Othello*, Young as *Iago*, and Charles Kemble as *Cassio* he writes as follows:

"Had Miss O'Neill been there I should have witnessed the highest point of all theatrical representation. . . In Berlin the strangling scene was not only ludicrous, but really indecent. Here the blood froze in one's veins; and even the boisterous and turbulent English public was, for a time, speechless, motionless—as if struck by lightning."

I have no space to go into the French criticisms of Kean, Macready, and Helen Faucit, when they appeared in Paris. The above quotations are probably sufficient to show that down to the middle of the nineteenth century it

had not occurred to foreign critics that the English, as a nation, were congenitally deficient in theatrical talent. Indeed, it is not foreign critics who, even of late years, have given currency to this theory. It is Englishmen, who, realizing that the English theater has, in many respects, fallen behind that of France and of Germany, are too apathetic to take measures for its reorganization, and prefer to seek excuses for inertia in a shallow ethnological fallacy.

COMMERCE AND EQUITY.

BY CHARLES H. SEYBT.

THE railroad problem, which is claiming public attention more from day to day, might be expressed in these words: How can the government curb the abuse of railroad power without injury to the legitimate railroad business?

The railroads are built, maintained and operated by private corporations for their own benefit. Nevertheless the railroads are public highways, that is the accepted term in the whole civilized world and if that question is definitely settled in the United States, it will be through the supreme law of public necessity. In all countries with the exception of the United States and Canada the railroads, whether belonging to the State or to private corporations, are subject to governmental control as a protection of the public against undue corporation power. Canada would have similar laws, but the close relationship with the American "go-as-you-please" railroad system makes it impossible.

The legitimate railroad business consists in according the public equal rights to travel and to ship, and for such service to charge a toll which will be full compensation for the money invested and for the operating expenses. The abuse of railroad power consists in not giving the public equal rights. By arbitrary discrimination in freight rates the favored one is built up at the expense of his competitors in business, one locality thrives on the ruin of others, one industry flourishes while others wither and decay, one corporation expands into a monopoly, while others are railroad out of existence.

The position of a railroad manager, with almost unlimited power, is exceedingly difficult. His rulings may be influenced by weighty consideration unappreciated by the public, individual rights may have to give way to public necessity, personally he may be actuated by a keen sense of right and justice, but his prime duty is to serve the interests of his own corporation, to combat the unscrupulous competition of the other railroads and he is human after all with the human instinct of selfishness, ambition and resentment. On the other side the average shipper has only his own interests in view, he is clamorous for special favors and the public is aggressive in demanding something for nothing. The dividing line between legitimate and discriminating railroad business is at times difficult to define, divergent interests will illuminate the question in different lights, the selfish interests of the railroads and of the public are in constant conflict, a disinterested tribunal is required to settle these difficulties and such tribunal is lacking.

As the laws are interpreted to-day railroad power is absolute, it can dictate high rates to one and low rates to the other, favorable one day and crushing the next, it can arbitrarily raise or lower the tariff, it can change the classification of freight at pleasure, it can crush all competition, it can capitalize itself to any amount and force the public to pay for such over-capitalization. The aggrieved shipper can only seek redress through the regular courts. He must fight the colossal railroad power single handed from one court to the other. During the long years of expensive legislation the question at issue may have lost its vitality and the plaintiff meanwhile remains side-tracked. Practically there is no redress for the American people against abuse of railroad power under present condition.

In former times wholesome competition among the railroads was to some extent a safeguard against abuse of railroad power; that competition is lost by carrying

the "community of interest" plan to a point little short of absolute monopoly and railroad power is gradually condensing itself to one-man power. The structure which is to house the world's business under one roof, with the American railroad system as the ground floor, is getting so high up that ordinary mortal eyes cannot reach to that giddy eminence. It reminds one of the old-fashioned Bible illustration, showing the top of the Babylonian tower enveloped in clouds.

No sane man will advocate the dwarfing of our magnificent railroad system. It is a great part of the commonwealth, it is the artery through which the commercial life-blood of our nation courses. To underbind that artery with governmental interference and political jobbery would prove a public calamity. But no sane man, unless blinded by temporary selfish considerations, will advocate that the railroads shall be above the law of the land, shall be a sovereign power within the boundaries of the United States and shall exercise this sovereignty through the dictates of compressed capital.

The Interstate Commerce Law and the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, fifteen years ago, was an effort to stifle unscrupulous competition and to curb personal rapacity in the management of our railroads; it was to bring order out of chaos. The rulings of the Commission, on the whole, were not oppressive to the railroads, freight rates became more stable and equitable, discrimination became less onerous and everything pointed to a gradual perfecting of conditions for all concerned as time and education advanced. When the U. S. Supreme Court decided that the Interstate Commerce Commission did not have the power to carry out its rulings, the railroad situation very quickly relapsed into its former chaos, freight tariffs were only enforced at non-competitive points, while competitive business was scrambled for at any rates obtainable. Large shipping corporations virtually dictated their own rates and grew into insolent monopolies at the expense of the public and the railroads themselves. No longer feeders of the railroads, they became suckers. All efforts of the conservative, better class of railroad men, to improve conditions failed. Even the "gentlemen's agreement" vanished into thin air. Finally the "community of interests" plan was evolved with such overwhelming possibilities, that the world is holding its breath.

Just at present the Interstate Commerce Commission is displaying unwonted activity. It is ferreting out the secrets of rate-cutting, discrimination and rebates; it is enjoining the railroads, through the courts, from continuing such practices and, in consequence, the freight tariffs are better sustained than for years back, and we are doing a cleaner business for the moment. It is pretty well understood that the personal efforts of President Roosevelt and the honest co-operation of certain railroad men have brought about this spurt of legitimate business. Owing to such unaccustomed pressure all the railroads have, with more or less grace, submitted to the mandates of the courts, but the respective railroad attorneys have, in every instance, filed notice that their acquiescence shall not be construed as a waiver of their rights under the law. In other words, when they become tired of this interference they will get back under the protecting wings of the Supreme Court, whose interpretation of the Interstate Commerce Commission has emasculated all the power and usefulness of the Commission. Accordingly the Commissioners are expected to run a sort of Sunday-school, they to be the sweet school-marks to tell the railroad boys how to be good and how to love each other, but to have no right to lay refractory scholars over the knee and to spank them into the narrow path of righteousness.

Congress should either abolish such mockery or, in plain language, endow the Commission with the power for which the law created it. Year after year strenuous efforts have been made in Congress for amendatory legislation, but the Senate has, without ceremony, strangled every bill affecting unlimited railroad power. The House finally refused to waste time on that subject, as the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce always had a good working

majority to pigeon-hole discomfiting legislation. A well known Senator, some time ago, when under pressure, finally said, with commendable frankness, no bills would be considered which interfered with the railroads doing what they damn pleased!

The atmospheric conditions at Washington have since then undergone a change; the air is more bracing. The President, while solicitous not to disturb the legitimate business of the Nation, seems determined to protect the rights of the public by combating the excesses of corporation power. At the same time, several leading railroad men at the head of some of the best known trunk lines, are favoring National legislation, by which the wrongdoings of the railroads may be righted according to law.

Two bills are now before the Senate, the Elkins Bill drawn up under railroad auspices and the Shippers' Bill in charge of Senator Nelson, of Minnesota. They meet each other half way and promise to lead to a combined measure acceptable to all interests. Both Bills avoid unnecessary interference with the management of the railroads, but they seek to protect the public as well as the railroads against the cancer of secret discrimination. The railroads will be compelled to live up to the published freight tariffs or expose themselves to heavy money fines. If, after due investigation by the Commission and after both sides have had their hearing, it is found that certain rates are unjust or discriminating, the Commissioners shall fix a just rate, to go into effect at once. The right to appeal to higher courts is not denied to the railroads, but, meanwhile the corrected rate to remain in force until affirmed or overthrown by the Appellate Court. Under such restriction there can be no valid objection to so-called traffic association. The practical effect will be to make the Interstate Commerce Commission the arbiter between the railroads and the public and it will prove the ounce of prevention much more than the pound of cure for oppression and discrimination.

Such legislation should have the earnest support of the intelligent, fair-minded public. It is bitterly opposed by the privileged few, who can only maintain themselves through special freight rates and through special protective tariffs, in short, at the expense and to the detriment of the public. Other opponents are those who believe in their divine right to lord it over others. The masses are indifferent as long as prosperity gives them high living; these same forces become blindly destructive when prosperity turns into hard times, when restaurants are converted into soup-houses. This country cannot afford to defer wholesome legislation against the excesses of capital and corporation power until the mob will howl for it.

MAY MUSINGS.

BY WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

LET love be ours, and laughter;
Woe waits for them who weep.
Let roof resound, and rafter,
While careless hours we keep.
What qualms shall question, quiet
Or interrupt our riot?
Not even Fate's fell fiat
Shall slave us while we sleep.

Behold, the spirit's playtime
Has come with vernal beams,
Which melt and mould the Maytime
With glowing, gladsome gleams.
While swinging, swaying swallows
Are heard on hills, in hollows,
How fairy Fancy follows
And gilds our drowsy dreams!

The daffodils are dancing
Where now Narcissus nods,
And primroses are prancing
Where'er the plowman plods.
Full soon the twinkling twilight
Will shine, its sheen a shy light,
And, hallowed by the high light,
We'll walk in guise of gods.

RISE OF THE LONE STAR.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

I KNEW a very patriotic and ambitious Mexican who once lived in Monterey who assured me that Mexico would have no trouble whatever in whipping and annexing the United States "if Texas would only agree to remain neutral." This untraveled Senor had fixed his ideas of American invincibility upon his neighbors along the northern banks of the Rio Grande. Perhaps he remembered the Alamo. At any rate, he had his mind made up that the United States wouldn't amount to a row of pins without Texas. Mexicans who hate "the Gringos" do not consider us of the Northern and Eastern States at all, or, if they do, they despise us. They are jealous of the Texans, whom they regard with awe as well as terror. Of course the cultivated Mexican neither hates nor fears us, for, having traveled through the United States, he realizes that we are not, to say the least, "in his class."

The point of all this is to illustrate a fact that is quite edifying, viz., while the Texan's neighbors of the Sister Republic are magnifying him through the right end of a telescope, his fellow countrymen of the States, if they regard him at all, have got him at the wrong end of the spy-glass, in which position he naturally looks very, very insignificant. However, there has sprung up lately in some of the large centers a praiseworthy desire on the part of merchants and men of affairs to contemplate Texas and its people, its performances and possibilities, with the naked eye. Last autumn, for instance, some Pittsburg and New York capitalists, having looked over the oil fields around Beaumont, drifted up to Dallas and Fort Worth, and were quite astonished to find themselves in the midst of the richest, the most populous and the most beautiful region of the State.

These gentlemen went back to New York with some tall stories about the mineral resources of the State, about the coal, iron and other natural riches of counties remote from the much-heralded oil fields. So much talk about the clubs and the exchanges started a kind of inquisitive epidemic among merchants and manufacturers of Gotham, and before New Year's an excursion of nearly 100 of the leading jobbers and factors of New York started in a magnificent special train for a tour of all Texas. In the party was one very acute old gentleman who was regarded as a sort of authority on topics Texan because he was stationed with his command at Ft. Worth just after the close of the civil war, and had often ridden over to Dallas, 30 miles away, then quite a bustling town of more than 700 souls living in good frame houses at the forks of Trinity river.

Of course, this estimable old warrior-merchant knew that Dallas had grown and that Ft. Worth had become a town, but he had the "Rahway" focus on everything and he couldn't get it out of his head that it was a rather daring thing for an old club beau like him to venture into the frontier at his age. He did a lot of talking until he got out of the train in the magnificent Union Station at Dallas. He had been wondering if the old Long Horn hotel was still the leading caravansary of the town, but the committee of Dallas merchants, dressed as well or better than himself, put him in a rubber-tired carriage and took him to the Oriental hotel, where everybody sat down to a course dinner that cost \$100 a plate and would have cost \$200 at the Waldorf-Astoria. During the evening he learned that Dallas had, at the close of 1901, a population of more than 50,000 people, with about 20,000 more in its suburbs; that its annual jobbing trade amounted to nearly fifty million dollars and that in 1901 its retail stores sold \$74,397,480 worth of goods!

Now, I dare say, there are very few grown men who are as ignorant about Texas as the New York Colonel, but surely it's a question of degree. The fact is the Texan of the San Antonio region doesn't know much about the Texan of the El Paso country. The State is an empire in size as well as in native wealth. Between Texarkana in

the northeast corner, and El Paso at the far western edge of the State, there are more than 800 miles of the most generously variegated soil in the world. It requires twenty-four hours of the fastest kind of travel to cross the State. Galveston and Houston are the Brooklyn and New York of Texas; San Antonio is the Philadelphia; Dallas is the Chicago; Ft. Worth is the St. Louis; El Paso is the San Francisco. The State is a domain of national proportions compared with which many of the swaggering monarchies of Europe are mere ranches. So vast is its area that its advance in population and development has been comparatively unnoticed, unmeasured. Compared with lesser States its progress has been as that of the elephant likened to that of the horse. It is the mastodon of the federation—huge, mighty and long-lived. Since 1850 its population has increased from 100,000 to three and a half millions! It has more than 100,000 square miles more area than California, the second largest state, and the whole state of Rhode Island could be charted in one of its counties.

Every traveler who tries to describe Texas gets rattled over its size. I have no intention of continuing a comparative recital of mere areas. It has all the peculiarities of both tropical and high temperate regions. The palmetto and the pine beckon one another across its varied reaches; its head is among the hoar peaks, its feet are in the simmering surges of a Southern sea; its left hand dallying in the snows of winter, its right holds a perennial magnolia bloom. If you have been to Galveston, or Houston, or San Antonio, or to Dallas and Ft. Worth, you know that Texas has fine cities, perhaps the finest in point of proportion wealth and appointments of any State in the Union. But if you do not know why these cities are great and beautiful, why they will be greater and more comely; if you think that the upbuilding of Texas has been dependent upon neighboring or tributary communities, or that its perihelion shall have been reached with the final settlement of Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arizona and Arkansas, then you are mistaken. For Texas alone, of all the States, and of all the free nations, excepting only the United States, is sufficient unto herself. Seaports, mountains of ore, primeval forests, navigable rivers, an incalculable wealth of fuels, unplumbed depths of building materials, climates of all latitudes and altitudes, arable lands of every range of agricultural possibility! And yet in spite of its noble cities and splendid farms, its geysers of oil and its mountains of metal, one can travel for hours across vacant, waiting fields without sight of a house or of one of the 3,500,000 people who are scattered across its broad bosom, mere skirmishers before the millions that are to come. Rich Illinois, with her population of 5,000,000, has but 56,000 square miles to offer her hosts of the future. Texas has 265,780 square miles, enhanced by natural resources far greater and more varied than Illinois, and with them she stands pre-eminent as the State with a future.

To pass from the measurable magnitude of such States as Kansas, Oklahoma, or any other similar area, to the colossal youth of Texas, requires a readjustment of the lenses. It will not do to measure the present or future status of the State by one or a dozen cities. For Texas is still chiefly an agricultural State, though in that peculiar attitude that may develop into a dominance of mining and manufacture. It is great in so many ways and as yet so far from the limit of any of its fertilities that the final character of its prestige remains unfixed. Experts who have studied its soil and climate, its arable acreage and average of moisture precipitation, say that, in 1901, it had achieved less than seven per cent of its agricultural capacity. If that be true and the State maintains its upward strides for another fifty years, it will have produced riches enough for a continent. For, in the five years preceding 1901, its corn and wheat crops alone were sold for \$182,489,833! In 1900, Texas marketed more than fifteen million dollars' worth of wheat, and \$38,522,568 worth of corn. More wheat than Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Iowa, Washington, Missouri, South Dakota, Illinois, Maryland, Oklahoma, Tennessee or Oregon! More corn than eight

out of the fifteen leading corn-producing States! And yet has not come to a tenth of her possibilities? Of cotton, Texas gave to the world, last year, nearly four million bales, three times as much as Georgia, her foremost competitor, and an increase of 1,500,000 bales over her own yield of the preceding year.

It would be idle to cite such monumental figures without having shown in advance their bearing upon the future. The world, especially the American world, is sick of statistics. It hasn't time to apply the argument of numerals. Therefore, I will say naught of the oil, the rice, the fruits, the metals, the lumber, the cattle with which Texas annually astonishes the business world. If they are germane to this exposition of Texas as a field for commercial expansion it is chiefly because the Lone Star State is just at the threshold of its widening greatness. This city of Dallas, though neither the largest nor oldest city, is a concrete example of the precise and unhalting march of Texas, for it is almost in the center of those thirty-three counties which form the most thickly settled and best tilled section of the commonwealth.

These are but a few of the salient facts about a region which, like all the fair places of the world, must be confronted to appear in relative proportions and true values. When you have seen Dallas and Ft. Worth, their miles of paved and shining streets, their rows of cleanly modern buildings, their throngs of alert, intelligent, sanguine people, you will begin to realize why it is that these places are not overlooked as rivals for the trade of any territory remote or near. New York's rich merchants spent weeks in the State and their visit has borne fruit in a mutuality of esteem that must make for the benefit of guests as well as hosts. St. Louis, stimulated to new efforts towards commercial fraternity sent an equal representation of St. Louisians through the State. They were received with the same whole-souled hospitality that is one of the intrinsic characteristics of every genuine Texan. Kansas City is now organizing a friendly crusade of the same style. There is an almost daily access of new interest in the trade complexion of the State. Jobbers of the older cities are beginning to find Texas salesmen, Texas price-lists and catalogues, Texas manufactured goods, in the most unlikely sections of the vast territory between the Nebraska line and the Red river, between Arizona and Georgia.

Some of these observers of altered conditions are getting worried. But Texas isn't worried at all. It hails all men into the field. What its people lack of the local concentration that distinguishes Kansas they make up in disregard of all selfish jealousies. Their self-reliance defies competition. Their gay complacency would be arrogant if it were not justified by the events which have crowded upon them in an unvarying, shining procession of successive triumphs. They know their State and its peculiarities better than Kansas knew itself ten years ago. They are "onto their job," but it is evident to them that they are not numerous enough to "hold it down." Therefore, they welcome all comers. They can afford to be generous, almost prodigal, in their patronage, in their rivalries, in their hospitality. And they are. The earth, the skies, the waters of Texas, have been generously prodigal. There is something of the bigness of their State in the methods of these men. They figure less and laugh more than the Kansan. They do not hope like the Oklahoman, because life is a certainty with them. They don't guess, they know. They have the practicality of the North and the ingenuousness of the South, the cunning of the East and the combativeness of the West. Obstacles are almost a treasure, they have known so few. Dallas is trying to make the little Trinity river navigable to the Gulf and the enterprise gains momentum with the difficulties to be encountered. Galveston is upbuilding better than it was before that stupendous cataclysm of the sea which made the world gasp with horror. Galveston will stall the waters with a battlement of stone and smile again.

There were some green bugs harrying the crops in north central Texas last year; there was a considerable drought everywhere; fires, storms and floods gave prowling

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Lawn Chemises, skirt length, trimmed with Val. lace and tucks—	75 cents
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CORSET COVERS

Dainty Corset Covers of Nainsook, all French styles, trimmings of Val. or Torchon laces, embroideries of various patterns, 10 styles—	85 cents
May Sale Price	
Corset Covers, more elaborate styles, trimmed front and back, at least 24 varieties—	\$1.00
May Sale Price	
New Model, fastens in back, without buttons; very new; this is the first showing; like cut—	\$2.00
Same style, less elaborate, for the	\$1.15
May Sale Price	



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trouble-seekers some hints for apocalyptic groans. The memory of the tidal wave and its wrack of death and destruction was fresh in the minds of some Eastern financial prognosticators, and, at the close of 1901, they began to look ominously at Texas. Then the Lone Star State came forward with an increase trade showing of \$23,000,000 and an additional \$60,000,000 of taxable valuations.

A DALMATIAN.

BY M. DUDLEY DUNN.

“HOW are you?” said Thyra; “I’m glad you are punctual. We will go by tram.”

“Why tram?” I queried, handing her a massive bunch of violets. “I suppose these suit your costume?”

“Thanks!” she said, graciously. “I’m glad you spare me Parmas, they are out of date. Tram because I want to see life.”

“You won’t see much life in London, N.,” said I; “low life, chiefly.”

“That’s what I mean,” cried Thyra, arranging the violets with busy fingers tipped with flashing nails. “To be consistent one must see London, N., from a tram. Consistency is the only thing left worth living for.”

“Work the ingredients to the consistency of cream, and bake in a quick oven,” I quoted sympathetically.

“Just so,” pursued Thyra, tranquilly, nothing dismayed. “Life is spent in mixing ingredients; the baking comes afterwards, we are told. We’ll tram it.”

So we did.

A stout charwoman with two porter-bottles oozing out of a fish basket pressed uncomfortably close. Thyra, with a sweep of silken skirts, moved to the opposite side.

“There’s more room,” she explained, sweetly.

I glanced at her as she confronted me, smartly shod, gloved, gowned, and thanked Fate she had taken pity on me. I quite blessed Hal for getting himself run over in the Holloway Road, and immuring himself with a broken arm in the Great Northern Hospital. My duty visit was quite bearable since Thyra had volunteered to come and help cheer the invalid—and his visitor! How incongruous her wild-rose face looked in the sullen-colored tram. Her voice lost some of its pleasant ring, I noticed, amid the buzz of the noisy wheels as they ran in their metal grooves; and the scent of her violets broke sometimes with a weird insistence into the mingled odors of straw, dirt and gin.

“I’m glad I came in a tram,” she chattered.

“I’m not,” I grumbled. “I can’t think what possessed you.”

“I want a new experience. It’s most amusing; but I shan’t do it often.”

Then tram howled its monotone down the Holloway Road to the accompaniment of Thyra’s animated nonsense.

Presently we passed an old curiosity shop, and my attention was riveted for a moment. My one and only vice is Sevres, and I am prouder of my collection than most men are of their horses. In the dirty window, beside an aggressive china Dalmatian dog, I spied a vase, and I wondered if bargains could be struck even in the Holloway Road. With keen interest I turned to look again. My hat collided sharply with Thyra’s feathers.

“I beg your pardon,” I exclaimed.

But “What a funny blotting-paper dog!” was all her comment.

The tram stopped with a jerk.

“Here is the Nag’s Head, madame—allow me,” and the smiling conductor had swung my dainty little lady off the platform before I could make up my mind whether I had dreamed, or heard somewhere, dimly, a long time ago, a tale about Thyra and—

The feathers were nodding at me from the kerb.

“Do come! We are late already.”

We saw Hal, we commiserated him. We found him, I distinctly remember, in “No. 7, Pay Ward,” with a lynx-eyed sister watching his tale of visitors, and refusing to admit more than two at a time. Thyra and I sat on a bench outside, amid whiffs of chloroform, and then Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney came out, greeted us cordially, and we went in.

“Let’s walk,” said she, as we left, and I assented cheerfully, remembering the vase.

He was a parchment-visaged old man, with restless fingers, and the most incongruously wistful eyes one ever saw. Thyra fidgeted about at the other end of the shop among some Zulu firepots and assegais, while I worked diplomatically up to the subject of the vase.

“How much?” he said, slowly, taking it carefully from the window. “How much?”

I trembled with eagerness as I saw his skinny fingers close round the exquisite thing. It was perfect, I felt the desire of possession flooding me, and I coughed nervously.

“How much? It’s a good piece of work.” (Didn’t I know that?) “I couldn’t sell it under £70.”

“£70?” I said, artfully; “that’s a large price. Have you another like it?”

“A pair? No,” said the old curiosity dealer, putting the vase back.

Thyra sauntered up, and I determined to say no more now. I would come next day, and try to get the vase for £50. Half the joy of collecting lies in the bargaining, with its alternating hopes, fears and tremors. I did not feel inclined to forego that part of the programme.

“I’m not going to walk another step, neither are you,” I said, when we got outside the shop, signaling a hansom meanwhile. The man did not see, and Thyra touched my arm.

“While you are telegraphing to that man I want to ask the price of the blotting-paper dog; it’s so funny.”

I achieved the hansom. Presently Thyra trotted out with a pink face and shining eyes.

“Where’s the dog?” I said.

“He’s to be sent,” she answered.

We drove home, well content with each other and all the world. When I left her at her door I had a few Russian violets in my coat.

There was a boom in Kaffirs that week, and I never had a moment in which to remember Thyra, or china, or the Holloway Road. I was reminded of them very forcibly four or five days later by seeing the fellow of my vase exhibited in a window in Pall Mall. It was marked £200. I went hurriedly and bought it.

“It’s a beauty,” said the dealer, who personally supervised the packing of my purchase. “If one could only get hold of the other, the pair would be priceless to a collector.”

My mouth watered. I took a hansom and drove straight away to the Holloway Road. How I blessed Thyra for insisting on going in the tram. She was a dear little girl. I would shower her with Czar violets in future.

The hansom stopped, I jumped out; the wrinkled visage was there, and the wistful eyes sought mine in mild protest at such haste.

“I will take that vase, the Sevres,” I began, spreading out my check-book. There was a pause.

“How much will you give me for it?”

I tapped my fountain pen thoughtfully on the counter; the spirit of barter was not dead.

“£60,” I said at last.

“I sold it last week for £70, and the lady gave me £5 for the dog.”

The sombre eyes looked triumphantly up to mine.

I went out.

Perhaps Thyra would sell me the vase—or stay—I might propose to her—marry her—marry the vase—marry anything. I must have the pair.

I drove straight to Fuller’s in Regent street. I knew where to find her at the tea hour.

She beamed.

“Do have some tea! I was just wishing I had someone to talk to. Oh! by the way, don’t ever call yourself a judge of china again. I sold that piece of old Sevres you would not look at to Gordon, of Pall Mall, for £170 the very next day.”

I hate mercenary women!

COERCION IN IRELAND.

The British Government has decided to revive in Ireland the senseless "Crimes Act" which has been a dead letter for twenty years, and has sent 10,000 additional troops to that crimeless country, for the purpose of "suppressing" the United Irish League. Nine counties in the south and east of the island, and the cities of Cork and Waterford have been "proclaimed," or placed under martial law, although the Chief Secretary admits that crime does not exist. He assigns, as the Government's reason for applying coercion, that "the people are being terrorized and intimidated." Of course some persons have been made to feel the power of the League, but the vast majority of the people are supporters of it and believers in its doctrines and aims. From the standpoint of the Irish Nationalists the United Irish League has done much good during the few years of its existence, but what is good for Ireland ever seems to be considered "dangerous" by the Tory Government of England. The League has compelled harmony among Ireland's representatives in Parliament, and union in the Irish party, however distasteful to the Government, is quite necessary to command attention and consideration for Irish demands. The League has also weakened the power of the landlords and enabled many tenants to become owners of their farms. It has practically forced the Government itself to take up a measure of land reform and to introduce a bill providing for the purchase of their holdings by the people. Such results are viewed with alarm by the Tory ministry, and the United Irish League is to be suppressed. The outside world is wondering how it is that England is so alarmed over a little agitation in that almost depopulated and unarmed island, which is not one half the size of Missouri. The talk about "uprisings" and "revolts" is absurd. The people have no arms and no resources. The League is pursuing peaceful methods. Putting men in jail cannot "suppress" the league. This is only another instance of the stupidity of the ultra Tories in regard to the Irish question, which they do not wish to settle right even if they know how. Beaten and discomfited abroad, they might do something more brilliant, at this time, than to make an exhibition of waning power in Ireland. This revival of coercion resembles the act of a man who comes home enraged and chagrined, having been worsted in a stand up fight with men, and wreaks his spleen upon his family. Speaking of Australia and the mother country, a wise man of Melbourne said: "The bond between them is so light that it is strong." Between England and Ireland, on the contrary, the bond seems to be so heavy, or so close, that it is weak, and so the learned Salisbury tells the lovers of the empire that Ireland is a far more dangerous enemy to its safety than the rebellious republics of South Africa. The experiences of the past ten years should help to convince the rulers of the English nation that safety and strength no longer abide with selfishness and brute force, but with generous and open-handed justice, by which alone, the Irish might have been disarmed and conquered.

The singular change of front in the Tory policy is commented upon editorially by the *Morning Leader*, London, as follows:

"Ireland is 'proclaimed.' In spite of the repeated and earnest warnings of friends and enemies alike, the Government has yielded to the importunities of an irrecon-

cilable minority, to the threats of Lord Londonderry and his following, to the fulminations of the *Times*, and to the persistent intrigues of the lesser members of the Unionist 'garrison' in the country itself. It is pretty certain that the decision has not been come to without grave hesitation in the Cabinet. Mr. Balfour's attitude to coercion, which means governing by the negation of government, was, at one time, unmistakably hostile, and it is hard to see why, when it has been justified by returns in which agrarian crime is practically non-existent, it should now have changed. Mr. Wyndham is new to his work, but he has shown some sympathy in carrying on the business of his office. How he will be able, in face of his declaration at Exeter, that not more than forty effective branches of the United Irish League existed, and of the absolute freedom of Ireland from agrarian crime during the past year, to reconcile the retention of the Chief Secretaryship with this coercion policy, we cannot pretend to imagine. We do not envy him the task.

But having made up its mind the Government has rushed down the steep place with a will. It has not been content to "proclaim" a county or two. It has proclaimed nine in all, embracing the North and South as well as the West of Ireland, together with the cities of Waterford and Cork. It has not yet declared the United Irish League unlawful. But for the first time since 1892 we are back in Ireland to trial by special jury—which means by packed jury. We are back to the change of venue under which accused are deported until a conviction can be secured, and the injustice and wrong of removable trials are added to the galling farce of removable magistrates. In other parts of Ireland, notably portions of Ulster, which are notoriously "loyal," but in which tenants have committed the unpardonable sin of desiring to hold the land their fathers held, a milder enactment of the executive establishes summary jurisdiction in cases of "conspiracy" in this respect. The administration of the law in Ireland is never, thanks to the organization of the police-force, the same as in England. From to-day it does not even pretend to be the same. What a man may legally and morally do on this side of the Channel will expose him to a criminal indictment on the other. His liberty, here, safeguarded jealously by the forms of law, will there be exposed to traps and perils expressly devised for its destruction, and set more particularly in the path of those leaders of public opinion to whose influence and moderation the present quiescence of the country is mainly due. The appetite for autocracy grows by what it feeds on. We have given South Africa martial law, and the echo of that message is heard very near to our own shores. How long will it be only 'very near'?"

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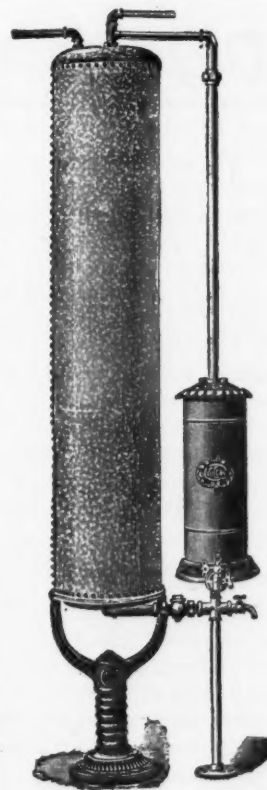
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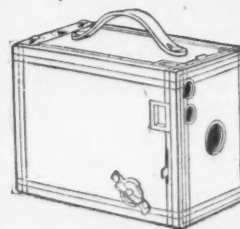


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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mrs. Western Bascome is entertaining her cousin, Miss Mary Cobb, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Shelton have returned from Hot Springs, where they spent a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Wilson, who have been for a short time at Hot Springs, returned last week.

Captain and Mrs. S. B. Winter, of Westminter place, are spending a few weeks in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Miller, who have been for several weeks in the East, returned a few days ago.

Mrs. C. C. Webster, of Delmar avenue, left, a few days ago, for Chicago, where she will spend a short time.

Mrs. R. C. Kerenz, accompanied by Miss Gladys Kerenz, left a short time ago for a pleasure trip East.

Miss Florence Hayward who has been for the past fortnight in New York and Chicago, returned a few days ago.

Mrs. William B. Thompson and Miss Camille Thompson have returned after a tour of California and Old Mexico.

Misses Elma and Queen Rumsey have been for several weeks in New York visiting their sister, Mrs. D. Bryson Delavan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Acuff have lately taken possession of their new home on Washington Boulevard and 52nd street.

Mrs. Phil Chew and Mrs. Celeste Pim have returned from Dallas, Tex., where they went to attend the Confederate reunion.

Mrs. James Garneau, of Washington boulevard, entertained the Acephalous Euchre Club on Tuesday afternoon, at its regular weekly meeting.

Miss Edith Nugent, who has been for several months visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Nugent, left, last week, to return to her New York home.

Dr. and Mrs. Davis Forster have taken possession of their new residence, 5249 Raymond avenue, where Mrs. Forster will be "at home" to her friends on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Alexander Cochran and Miss Ella Cochran will sail for Europe on May 20th, and will go direct to Carlsbad, after which they will visit Germany, Switzerland, France, the Pyrenees, and Gibraltar.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Judson issued cards, last week, announcing the marriage of their daughter, Miss Felecia Judson, and Mr. Gouverneur Calhoun, which took place last Wednesday. The bride and groom have now gone on their honeymoon tour.

Mrs. Ben Lewis, of the Southern Hotel, entertained a party of ladies with a coaching party and outing to the Log Cabin Country Club, where they spent the day and enjoyed various amusements. A delightful luncheon, of course, formed part of the day's pleasure.

The marriage of Miss Frances Hellmuth and Mr. Thornton Poole Boland took place, on Wednesday, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Julia B. Hellmuth, of 5059 Raymond avenue. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock in the morning, and was followed by a reception until eleven. The bride and groom left, the same day, for a bridal tour.

At a luncheon, given on Tuesday afternoon, to a number of young ladies, the hostess, Miss Louise Dyer, of Delmar boulevard, announced the engagement of her guest of honor, Miss Jessie Moore, to Mr. Roger E. Simmons, of Baltimore Md. The wedding will be a June event, and will also be a prominent and fashionable affair, taking place at the home of the parents of the bride, Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Moore, of Vandeventer place.

Miss Grace Gale and Mr. George Welsh, of Kentucky, will be married on June 4th, which, by a coincidence, is the same date as that chosen by Miss Ethel Goddard and Mr. David Biggs, the only point of difference being the hour of the ceremonies, which will be three hours apart. Miss Gale will become Mrs. Welsh at nine o'clock, at the home of her parents, on West Pine street, and Miss Goddard will be married at six o'clock, at St. Peter's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Calhoun, of Lindell boulevard, gave a children's outing party on Tuesday afternoon, to the Log Cabin Country Club. Ten little ones were conveyed to the club early in the afternoon on Mr. Calhoun's break, which was gaily decorated for the occasion with balloons of bright colors. Mr. Calhoun handled the ribbons from the driver's seat, and Mrs. Calhoun sat with some of the little ones in the second seat, while Mrs. William Gregg, Jr., and Miss Fulton, of New York, completed the grown

members of the party. On arriving at the club the afternoon was spent in merry games, which had been carefully arranged and were greatly enjoyed. Among those present were the children of Messrs. and Mesdames Will Nolker, Otto Mersman, Fred Banning, William H. Gregg, Jr., Will Walker and Howard Kemper Gilman.

Three engagements which have lately become known in exclusive circles, caused much interest lately. The first of these is that of Miss May Dillon, who will marry Mr. Ray Carter, in the late spring. The young couple will make a tour of the world. Mr. Carter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Carter, of Portland place, and Miss Dillon is connected with the educational staff of the Mary Institute. Miss Mary Kennard and Mr. Harry Wallace have not disclosed their future plans, but it is rumored the wedding will be an event of the early summer. Miss Kennard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Kennard, of Portland place, and Mr. Wallace is the nephew of Mr. Robert Brookings and Mr. Harry Brookings. Miss Emily Westwood has lately informed her friends of her engagement to Mr. Joe Lewis, but the date of the wedding has not yet been set. Miss Dillon resides with her family at 3700 Delmar avenue and Mr. Lewis is the son of the Rev. Dr. Lewis, who was for many years the pastor of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church.

Signorina Cora Follen is another St. Louis singer who is now laying the foundation to future fame on the operatic stage of Italy. Miss Follen, who is well known in this city, especially among German circles, as Miss Cora Lange, left St. Louis, some years ago, with her mother and younger sister and went to Switzerland, where she devoted herself to the study of music. It was soon discovered, however, that her voice was far beyond the ordinary, and that the judgment at her teachers was not at fault, is attested by the many complimentary notices from various Italian and Swiss critics. The sister of Miss Follen, Miss Adelheid Lange, is achieving success in another field. She studied architecture in Switzerland, and is now doing practical work in the office of Theo. Link, the well known St. Louis architect.

Spurgeon, the great philosopher, has said: "Of all bad things by which mankind is cursed his own bad temper surely is the worst." Nothing can so try one's patience, or rouse one's angry passions as an ill-fitting pair of shoes. If you purchase your shoes at Swope's you'll have no such trials. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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Every season this fashionable family of mine, the Modishes, makes bold to set the stamp of its approval upon some particular fabric or color.

The shade which has found the greatest favor this season is Patrick green, and it is produced in only expensive materials.

On the Vanderbilt coach, at Ardsley, last week, two of the women of my kin were charming in Paris hats with trimmings of Patrick green.

One was a small, flat, shepherdess confection, of finest Milan braid, the color of a delicately brown biscuit. At one side was a splendid green bird of Paradise, with long, sweeping feathery tails, and this was its only ornament.

A white straw model seen at a recent afternoon recital showed the green in the wide velvet ribbons, which were knotted artistically over the crown and fell over the left side in long, double loops.

Many of the new lace waists have a touch of this color in the tiny pipings or almost invisible ruchings which adorn them.

Already some of the earlier hat models have become too popular. The envelope hat, which was so charming and for which we paid all sorts of prices when first imported, is made up in a three-dollar style now and encountered everywhere.

It seems a pity that we are forever forced



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in this way to relinquish our French favorites just as we get them and obliged to resort to something else.

At tea in the Waldorf palm garden on Friday, there were six envelope hats at one time. Two were of red, one of black, one of black and white, and two entirely of white.

They were of all makes and materials, some imported and others horribly "frumpy," as I overheard a young woman remark.

Another style that bids fair to be overdone is the lace scarf or fichu falling over the hair. It has already reached the extreme, since many of the footlight feminine fraternity have adopted these graceful adjuncts, allowing them to fall quite to the waist line.

A vivacious young miss in a pongee silk shirt-waist suit had two narrow velvet ribbons wound about her hat and training from its left side all the way to her comely hips.

It was not pretty, but did attract attention and remark which, perhaps, flattered the wearer.

Ping-pong has given a new impetus to the shirt-waist trade.

A noted house, where a specialty is made of all athletic accessories, has so many orders for waists that it has had to double its force in that department.

The wide-shouldered model, called the Gibson, is the favorite for the new table-tennis game, as it is very roomy, and yet has a tendency, because of its breadth across the shoulders, to make the waist look small.

Little fac-similes of the racquets and balls are often embroidered on the ends of the ties, or just above the cuff, with unique effect.

Yachting blouses still have the monogram handsomely designed and embroidered on the sleeve just above the elbow or near the cuff. Shantung pongee embroidered is very popular for waists, and will remain so throughout the season.

For charmingly simple little midsummer gowns I would commend the pin-checked silks shown at all the best shops.

The Paris and Vienna models are made up most elaborately with real laces, and are fabulously expensive. There are, however, more simple styles all the way down to the severely plain shirt-waist suits, in which these summery silks are used.

A gown of this sort, in pale blue and white checks, so small as to be almost

invisible, was made with fine organdie flounces of white, edged with valenciennes, while another had batiste dotted with embroidered cubes in combination.

With a plaited pongee coat and one of the lovely flat tan hats to complete the toilette, the effect is stunning.

There is danger, though, in over-dressing, which has to be especially guarded against this season, since the trimmings and garnishings of bright colors are so very tempting.—*Lady Modish, in Town Topics.*

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NEW BOOKS.

Miss Emily Lawless has won a deserved reputation by her Irish stories as one of the few who can render the inner heart of the Irish people—so melancholy, solitary, and brooded over by the past; so different from the gay and light-hearted Irishman of English tradition, borrowed from the novels of Lover and Lever. In her latest volume, "With the Wild Geese," she makes her appearance as a poet. The matter is still the same; it is Ireland, the solitary, that was full of people, who cries through all these pages. The form alone is changed, but not the temper. It would scarce be fair to ask whether we gain by the change of form, when the aim is so much slighter than in the larger canvas of her prose work. It suffices that these poems were worth publishing, and have their separate justification. We cannot, indeed, share the exalted enthusiasm of Mr. Stopford Brooke (who contributes an introduction) for Miss Lawless' purely poetic power. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Brooke himself mistakes his sympathy with the dramatic and subjective element for the effect of the poetry as poetry. There are, to our thinking, traces enough in this book of the mind to which poetry is second, not first, nature, a sister rather than a bride. Yet the poems have a soul in them and an appeal; it could not be otherwise where there is such evident sincerity, and nothing has been written which was not deeply felt. The diction is natural, unsought, and free from strivings after poetic effect. Above all, the poems breathe the passion and the air of Ireland; they are full, not of the artificial thing called "local color," but that true color which passes into the blood, and is bred in with nationality alone. The first section, "With the Wild Geese," takes its title from the expatriated Irish who fled abroad to take foreign service after the defeat of the allied French and Irish William's Dutch general, Ginkle, at the Battle of Aughrim. Their countrymen, with unflinching instinct of poetic speech, gave them the name of the feathered emigrants which they so often watched flying across the Atlantic, the wild geese. The regrets, the heart-break, the bravery, the home-sickness of these wild geese, are sung in poems of varying metre, but with the uniform grey note of sadness, hopelessness. Miss Lawless has identified herself with their feelings in vividly dramatic fashion. Too long, mostly, to be quoted entire, single stanzas would convey no idea of the dramatic quality which resides in the whole.

The poems carry us through the parting of the exiles from the Irish shore, the clash of foreign conflict (as in the spirited ballad "Cremona"), the sighs of the wild geese for home, and the loneliness of the mother who mourns, in season of famine, her boy in "the gay and gallant land of France"—this last a touching ballad. Nothing is better than the opening of Ireland for her children, of which we quote what we can:—

She said, "They gave me of their best,
They lived, they gave their lives for me;
I tossed them to the howling waste,
And flung them to the foaming sea."

She said, "I stayed alone at home.
A dreary woman, gray and cold;
I never asked them how they fared,
Yet still they loved me as of old."

She said, "I never called them sons.

I almost ceased to breathe their name,
Then caught it echoing down the wind,
Blown backwards from the lips of Fame."

She said, "God knows they owe me naught;
I tossed them to the foaming sea,
I tossed them to the howling waste.
Yet still their love comes back to me."

But in pure poetry, the "Dirge for All Ireland," which belongs to the second section—"Munster"—touches a mark above the rest of Miss Lawless' work.

Fall gently, pitying rains! Come slowly, Spring;
Ah, slower, slower yet! No notes of glee,
No minstrelsy! Nay, not one bird must sing
His challenge to the season. See, oh see!

Lo, where she lies,
Dead with wide-open eyes,
Unsheltered from the skies,
Alone, unmarked she lies!

Then, sorrow, flow;
And ye, dull hearts, that brook to see her so,
Depart! go! go!
Depart, dull hearts, and leave us with our woe.

And ye, cold waves, who guard that western slope
Show no white crowns. This is no time to wear
The livery of Hope. We have no hope.
Blackness and leaden grays befit despair.

Roll past that open grave,
And let thy billows lave
Her whom they could not save.
Then open wide

Your western arms, to where the rain-clouds bide,
And hide! hide! hide!
Let none discern the spot where she hath died.

The tender grace of that suggests a power which Miss Lawless has not yet developed to the full, and which may have still better things in store for us. Its music, especially, is scarce hinted elsewhere. But the "Dirge of the Munster Forest" has much of the same charm. We care for her least in the poems which express a personal philosophy. Deeply sincere, they have the weakness which attends the sceptical attitude in poetry—that they amount to so little when all is said. Perhaps we should rather say "doubting" than "sceptical," since the modern misuse of the latter word might give a false impression of Miss Lawless' entirely reverent spirit. We leave much untouched; but enough has been said to show that this is a book which deserves attention, by the power of its deep national fidelity.—*Iris* London.

Zoe Anderson Norris whose novelette, "The Color of His Soul" was suppressed by her publishers, the Funk & Wagnalls Company, because of the threat of a suit for libel from a young New York Socialist, will issue the book herself. Mrs. Norris has been commended by the press of the country for her strong presentation of this particular type of human iniquity. She will, therefore, publish the book herself at whatever cost, in spite of threats of suit, arrest, or incarceration.

The study of soul through well-sustained dramatic action, in "Enoch Strone," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, is alone sufficient to hold the readers' interest. *Enoch Strone*, a self-educated mechanic and practical engineer, in a factory in one of the English shire towns, is the hero. A student, a man of rare mentality, one who rises above the social strata of his co-laborers, *Enoch* isolates himself from any social intercourse, spending his leisure hours in working out an invention dubbed a "miracle crane." The even tenor and solitude of his life is broken when the Rev. John Martinghoe, rector in an adjacent town, intrudes himself upon *Enoch*,

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against the mechanic's wish. Dispute *Enoch's* avowed agnosticism the rector, by means of tact and studious avoidance of religious discussions, wins his admiration and then, his friendship. An odd misadventure brings *Strone* into acquaintance with *Milly Wilson*, a factory girl in another

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town close by, who without reserve tells him of her wretched home life. He, knowing something of the lives led by the lower classes, pities the girl and because of that pity invites her to visit him in his picturesquely appointed bachelor's cottage. Shortly after their first meeting Strone is introduced to Martinghoe's sister, Lady Malincourt, the young widow of a sometime deceased English peer. To Enoch, who knows little or nothing of the gentler sex, Lady Malincourt, in her beauty and many charming graces, is a revelation. One pretext and another takes Strone to the rector's house and he falls in love with Lady Malincourt. In the course of events he proposes to her and is refused because, as it develops afterwards, of Milly's frequent visits to Strone's cottage.

Meanwhile the "miracle crane" is perfected and introduced into the factory, the owner of which urges Strone into a partnership. The denouement is unexpected though wholly satisfactory. The sociological interest is ever active, the conversation replete with brilliant repartee and, on the whole, Mr. Oppenheim's latest contribution to the flood of popular novels is quite above the average and may be listed as one of his best efforts. (G. W. Dillingham Co., publishers, New York.)

"A Millionaire's Love Story," Guy Boothby's latest contribution to the F. M. Buckles & Co., (New York) detective series, is not worthy of its author. The story is improbable, far-fetched, at times, tedious and weak. It is to be hoped Mr. Boothby's next effort will at least warrant the reading, for, in "My Strangest Case," one recognizes in Mr. Boothby a writer of some ability.

E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.'s office at Mermod & Jaccard's Jewelry Co., Broadway and Locust street.

TAXES AND VALUES.

The Nebraska *Independent*, of Lincoln, propounds a question which, it says, its editor has asked a thousand times of single taxers, and while he stands ready to be convinced, not one of them ever attempted to make reply.

The *Independent's* single tax acquaintances must be exceptionally reticent, or else the *Independent's* editor is not quite so open to conviction as he thinks. This is the question in substance, for the *Independent* does not put it in question form:

Since the community or population gives value to everything, why is it not right to tax all values given by the community to the full amount, if it is right to tax to the full amount the value given by the community to land?

The *Independent* is confused by elliptical forms of expression. In the first place, the phrase "to tax values," is simply a short cut for expressing the idea of taxing in proportion to values. Values themselves are not taxed. Men are taxed. Values are only a basis of tax measurement; the question being whether we shall tax men in proportion only to their land values or to their other values. Again, when it is said that the community gives value to land, but that individual producers give value to such things as houses and merchandise, what is meant and what is by all students of the subject readily understood, might be fully expressed like this: The community alone gives value to land, since the thing to which that value attaches exists without human production; but the community and the individual producer, together, give value to such things as merchandise and houses, since value could not attach to them unless individuals produced them, value having no faculty for attaching itself to impossible things. In the case of land, the only factor is the value-producing power—the community; hence it is proper to say that the community gives value to land. No other thought is involved. But in the case of such things as merchandise and houses, there are two factors, the value-producing factor, which is the community; and the house or merchandise or other wealth-producing factor, which comprehends only the workers who bring forth those things. And inasmuch as the wealth-producing factor is the prime factor—it alone making it possible for merchandise values, house values and other wealth values to exist—we may with entire propriety speak elliptically of such values as labor values. That is the principal thought involved. Consequently we say "labor values" in contradistinction to "land values." The reason why it is right to tax in proportion to land values, and not in proportion to labor values, though neither would exist but for society, is that the owners of land values neither cause them nor produce the thing to which they attach, the values being caused by society, and the thing, the land, being a common inheritance; whereas the owners of labor values (unless they have by force or fraud or laws of privilege—which are in the last analysis chiefly laws fostering land monopoly—unjustly acquired them from the producers) do produce the class of things to which those values attach, and without their having done so values would to that extent not exist. In its nature a tax in proportion to land values is a tax on monopoly, while a tax in proportion to labor values is a tax on labor.

Louis F. Post.

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REAL RACING REVIVED.

The opening of the spring racing season, at the Fair Grounds, last Saturday, was almost brilliantly auspicious, and if the first-day's standard is lived up to the public will welcome the chance to forget the wrangling rivalries and tiresome disputes which, for a time, threatened to put the sport itself into the background. The inaugural attendance was worthy of the fine first card and the volume of betting, both in the ring and privately, surpassed the records of any first day in five years. The management proved its right to the confidence of the race-goers of all classes by the care and expense lavished upon the ornamentation as well as on the utilities of the beautiful course. The old glories of the historic grounds have been brought back, and, better still, there is more class to the great gathering of horses than for many years. Starter Dade threatens to become famous as



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a manager of jockeys. His work at the barrier thus far, in spite of big fields and stupid boys, has been so masterly that even the inaugural crowd applauded him. This town is ready and anxious for a long, lively season of first-class racing, devoid of malicious jealousies and internal cabals with which it has no concern. That kind of sport got a good running start, last Saturday, and the patronage will not only "hold good" but grow, if it is maintained.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

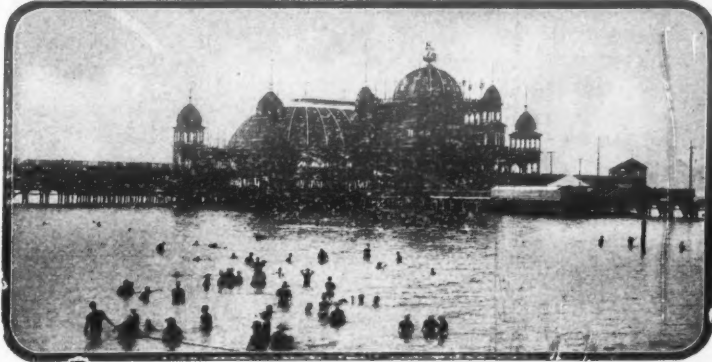
MUSIC.

A CHOICE BRAND OF CHORAL SINGING.

It is to be obtained at Alton, Illinois, where it is dispensed by the "Dominant Ninth" and "Verdi Club" choruses, under the direction of Mrs. Charles B. Rohland. Any one desirous of learning how this rare article is manufactured—and St. Louis musicians, one and all, can with profit go to school to Mrs. Rohland for this branch of their work—should be present when the dispensing process is in progress. It will be found an opportunity, not alone for obtaining the recipe for "How to train a Chorus," but also for learning the secret of training an audience. Mrs. Rohland has discovered the requisite ingredients and mixed them with great skill; the result: a delightful evening of pure music. Usually music heard in public is not pure, no matter of how high a quality it be, for the audience furnishes the alloy; but not so when Mrs. Rohland's recipe is followed.

This rhapsodic outburst is apropos of an ideal oratorio evening spent at the little town across the river last week. Gounod's "Redemption" was sung by the choral forces above named, at the Temple Theater, and listened to—really listened to—by an audience that packed the house. A lecture on the Gounod work, delivered by Mrs. Rohland shortly before the date of the concert, put the people in mood, and taught them how to listen to this great, sacred Trilogy.

The performance, critically and dispassionately considered, must be rated, within certain limitations, as one of superlative excellence. The orchestra marked the limitations. Alton has not yet arrived at the dignity of an orchestra, and the instrumentation of the work was arranged so that the best possible effect could be obtained by eight stringed instruments, a piano and a reed organ. Excepting in passages heavily



is the most beautiful in America. Tickets to that point are good either via the main line through the Royal Gorge, Leadville Canon of the Grand River and Glenwood Springs, or via the line over Marshall Pass and through the Black Canon—thus enabling the tourist to use one route going and the other returning. Another noted trip is the tour "Around the Circle," 1,000 miles, which includes more scenic attractions than any similar trip in the world, passing the following famous points: La Veta Pass, Toltec Gorge, Mancos (Cliff Dwellings), Dolores Canon, Las Animas Canon, Ouray, Black Canon, Marshall Pass and the Royal Gorge.

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scored for brasses, as in the "Unfold" chorus, the support was sufficient. The chorus sang wonderfully well. There was a scarcity of men—especially tenors—although the "Verdi Club" of male voices was augmented by several voices from the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society, but the singers were so placed on the platform that the male voices were heard to the best advantage and succeeded in preserving the desired tonal balance.

In precision, tone, and, above all, in expression, the work of these combined forces was a delight. A finesse of phrasing and shading, most remarkable in a choir of more than one hundred voices, marked the rendition of the various numbers. In the quartet and chorus "Beside the Cross Remaining," the chorus sang with more expression than the soloists—which in this case means much. Mrs. Rohland makes no effects not purely legitimate; unexaggerated feeling is the distinguishing characteristic of her work. The interpretation of several of the numbers was ideal, and sets a standard rarely attained in choral work.

As for the principals, no quartet offered by the Choral Symphony Society, during the past season, has proved so satisfactory. Three of the singers are from St. Louis and the fourth, Mr. Charles W. Clark, is a Chicago baritone.

Miss Jeanette MacClanahan sang the difficult music of the soprano part with taste and tonal beauty.

Mrs. Ewell Buckner interpreted feelingly the only alto solo, and did some fine work in the concerted numbers.

Mr. Clinton Elder's vibrant tenor was used with fine effect in the many recitative passages that fall to the share of the "Narrator," and he demonstrated the thoroughness of his oratorio schooling by his vocal and dramatic mastery, his broad phrasing, clean enunciation and intonation.

Mr. Clark gave a great reading of the music allotted to the baritone voice in this work. He has the serenity of style, the dignity and sincerity, necessary to the part; and his smooth, round, beautiful voice gives additional impressiveness to his work.

And the audience! There was none of the usual filtering during the latter part of

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the work; everybody stayed to the end, applauded discriminatingly and otherwise gave signs of intelligent appreciation.

And now a word as to the organization and its conductor. The season just closed is the tenth year of the existence of the "Dominant Ninth" chorus. It had a very small beginning, but its growth has been steady and permanent, and the meager material it contained has been polished and made the most of, and new members have been added yearly. Last season a male chorus, calling itself the "Verdi Club," was organized and combined with the older society in the rendition of the larger works.

The Altonians, appreciating the splendid work accomplished by the conductor and her assistants, subscribed liberally and, therefore, the "Dominant Ninth" has been enabled to secure some of the foremost artists of the day for their concerts. A recital by Jean Gerardy, the celebrated 'cellist, was one of the features of the past season.

Mrs. Rohland, the director, is almost as well known in St. Louis as in Alton, and her work has made itself felt here, but in her home town the result of her labor is monumental. This remarkable woman accepts no fee of any kind for her musical work—it is purely a labor of love. However, no professional musician to whom his art is his livelihood, gives to it more time and energy, and few bring to it the love and enthusiasm that Mrs. Rohland lavishes on her music. And, let me hasten to say, this enthusiasm betakes of none of the hysteria, that we accredit to the woman in music; Mrs. Rohland's attitude towards her art is

sane, strong and sure; she is no dreamer but a worker—a worker most practical and thorough. Her knowledge of the subject is tremendous, and her resources seem limitless. Probably no other individual in America possesses a musical library so unique and extensive. In her reading of a great work Mrs. Rohland is wholly objective, the spirit in which it was written is carefully preserved and it is this rare quality that made the Alton rendition of "The Redemption" so wonderfully impressive.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY BENEFIT.

The prospects for a continuation of the Choral Symphony Society are much brighter since the concert Friday evening. Something like twenty-five hundred dollars is the sum cleared on that occasion, and up to date, eleven thousand dollars have been subscribed for next season. However, the Board of Management is determined to secure the guarantee fund of twenty thousand dollars originally planned. The orchestra must be improved, and high class soloists provided for the ten concerts and, therefore, more money is needed. From the present outlook it is believed that the missing nine thousand will be found.

A necklace of 21 beautifully matched white perfect diamonds, ranging in weight from one to four carats each, lately purchased from a private party, can be acquired at two-thirds of the original purchase price. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., 7th and Locust street.

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LEHR AND LILLIAN.

I have just heard a story or two very characteristic of Harry Lehr, which would have been more pat in the telling before he married and reformed somewhat, but are too good to be lost altogether. It seems that he, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and two or three other intimates were dining with Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and after one or two courses were served Mrs. Fish, with her famous bluntness, exclaimed:

"I must say, Tessie, I don't like your food."

"No more do I," quoth the polite Harry, "let's go down to Del's and get something fit to eat," whereupon the whole party arose and calling cabs were whirled away to Delmonico's to gorge as they liked!

Pretty much the same party occupied a box at Weber & Fields' one evening, and, under the leadership of the irrepressible Harry, seemed to get much amusement and a good deal of chaff out of Lillian Russell's performance; her dress, manner, voice, etc. The airy, fairy one noticed this and stood for it for some time, but when her scene was over she went to the manager and swore by all her husbands dead and gone that she would not go on again unless that "little beast Harry Lehr and his party left the house."

"But, great heavens! Mrs. Russell," exclaimed the perturbed manager, "they are leaders of the 400; I cannot turn them out of the house."

"I don't care if they're leaders of the heavenly choir," was the sharp rejoinder, "out they go, or home I go."

So the scared manager went up to the box and asked the party to withdraw. Harry Lehr laughed in his face. Then the manager got his back up.

"Look here, you Jackanapes!" he exclaimed "if you don't get out quietly I'll have you put out."

Discretion is the better part of valor even to the Lehr de Lehr cult, so collecting his party, the giddy little Baltimorean slipped away much crestfallen, and the airy, fairy one went on with her embonpoint performance.—*The New Yorker*.

TO PICTURE-LOVERS.

It will be of interest to the lovers of good pictures to learn that Mrs. Chase will place on exhibition, at the galleries of Noonan & Kocian, 617 Locust street, from May 5 to May 17, thirty pictures, the work of the late Harry Chase. They are all marine sketches, were painted in Holland, and constitute some of the best work done by this artist. They will be on sale while displayed here, after which the remainder will be taken East for final disposition. St. Louisans should view this collection, while the opportunity presents itself.

THE CAT AND THE ELEPHANT.

To the *North American Review*, Mark Twain contributes one of his humorous sensible articles on the question, "Does the Race of Man Love a Lord?" The answer is contained in the last paragraph: "All the human race loves a lord—that is, it loves to look upon or be noticed by the possessor of Power or Conspicuousness; and sometimes animals, born to better things and higher ideals, descend to man's level in this matter. In the Jardin des Plantes I have seen a cat that was so vain of being the personal friend of an elephant that I was ashamed of her."

—*Academy and Literature*.

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Sanury, the great kidney cure.....	83c
Peroxide of Hydrogen 1/4-lb. (regular price 25c).....	10c
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Pure Gum Camphor, lb.....	68c
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Pears' Unscented Soap, regular 20c.....	8c
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Williams' Shaving Soap.....	5c
Colgate's Shaving Soap.....	5c
Java Riz Face Powder, regular 50c.....	22c
Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, regular 50c.....	29c
Levy Lablache Face Powder, reg. 50c.....	29c
Malvina Cream, regular 50c.....	29c
Espey's Fragrant Cream, reg. 25c.....	12c
Johnson & Johnson Cotton, regular 50c; pound.....	25c
Bauer & Black Cotton regular 50c; pound.....	25c
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We do not often recommend any patent medicine, but last spring, through personal knowledge we urged the public to use Sanury as a spring medicine. Since then, having been thanked many times for suggesting the remedy, we again sincerely recommend it. Sanury is totally different from the so-called "spring medicines." It acts on the kidneys and liver, purifying and strengthening the organs, enabling them to keep the entire system in health.

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And into Art that life transmuted should appear.
Not of a trick or lie those fairest shapes are born,
That seem like human souls that godlike forms have worn.
The Greek in nature saw his gods half-hidden lurk,
And copying nature, wrought his gods into his work.

—W. W. Story.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Manager McNeary, of Uhrig's Cave, announces a new departure at the city's oldest and most popular summer amusement resort. Beginning Saturday, May 31st, the Cave will, until further notice, be given over to presentations of high-class extravaganza, with a weekly change of bill by the best aggregation of musical and comedy talent obtainable. The company will consist of twenty principals, fourteen young women and six gentlemen, a chorus of thirty, an orchestra of twenty of the best local musicians, under a capable leader, and other aids to the liberal presentation of the bill. Extravaganza, such as Mr. McNeary offers this year is a novelty. Only the latest successes will be presented, with a change of attraction each week, except when specially requested to repeat a production.

Channing Ellery's Royal Italian Band begins a return engagement at the Odeon on Saturday afternoon, May 10th, and will continue at the Grand avenue auditorium indefinitely. The Royal Italians are still being led by Sig. Giuseppe Creatore. Since the last sojourn in our midst, the Royal Italians have been newly uniformed, they have had a month's rest and have put in many hours in rehearsing. Anent Creatore: despite his remarkable, unconventional style of directing, he is a thorough musician who gets some really startling effects from his men. The band has been increased to fifty-two men and many of the principals have secured new instruments. Altogether the Royal Italians are now in better shape than ever before to interest the audiences, and the ensuing series of concerts will doubtless be memorable ones.

Great interest is manifested in the forthcoming production, by Mr. Guy Lindsley and his pupils, of Arthur W. Pinero's powerful four-act drama "Lady Bountiful," at the Germania Theater, 14th and Locust street, on Saturday evening, May 10th. This play has never been produced in St. Louis. Mr. Lindsley will appear as Donald Heron. The following pupils will be in the cast, Bessie Barrows, Blanche Rhoades, Louise Delequa, Mabel Simms, Irene Lynn, Esther King, Joseph Solari, Israel Friedkin, and John Allen Lee. Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros. Music Store, 11th and Olive street.

The programme offered by the Imperial Burlesquers at the Standard, this week, contains a number of singing, dancing and acrobatic sketches which are above the average seen at this playhouse. Next week's attraction, "Bowery Burlesquers."

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND THE SUMMER VACATION?

is the question that is uppermost in the minds of many people just at present. Why not in Colorado or Utah, where you can enjoy a delightful scenery and invigorating climate? Very low round trip rates will be made in June, July and August. The elegant service of the Union Pacific, the Overland Route, provides every comfort and convenience.

For full information write to, J. H. Lothrop, General Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

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LITERARY EARNINGS.

Writing for the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Frederick Stanford notes that returns for literary work are now far better than they were a generation ago, and says it is a pity that "such authors as Hawthorne and Poe, nor to mention others often desperately hard pressed for money, could not have postponed themselves to this more remunerative period." Poe lived and died in poverty. His first literary earning was a prize of \$100 received for "The MS. Found in a Bottle." When he had acquired some little literary fame, he was glad to sell his talents to the *Southern Literary Magazine* at \$10 a week. Later he worked for several literary journals at the rate of \$3 a printed page. In 1841 he wrote to a friend in Washington that he would be glad to secure any regular work that would bring him \$500 a year. The best pay Poe ever received for any article was \$100. His greatest success, "The Raven," was sold to a second class publication in 1843 for \$15. Writing disconsolately about his hard life, he said: "To coin one's brains into silver at the nod of a master is, to my thinking, the hardest task in the world."

Mr. Stanford does not give us examples

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Two Frolles
Daily.

THIS WEEK.

IMPERIAL BURLESQERS.

NEXT WEEK.

Bowery Burlesquers

of the profits of modern literary workers. He might have noted, however, that aside from a popular few, literary men are still but poorly rewarded; that a majority of the published books return their writers nothing; that hundreds of them are published at the author's loss, and that, word for word, the newspaper writers receive better pay

than the poets and the fiction makers. And this will not appear anomalous to those experienced in the newspaper profession. A genius for so-called literary work is far more plentiful than the capacity for quick writing, coupled with inexhaustibility, which is essential in the successful editor.—*Kansas City Journal.*

MORNING CHORAL MAY CONCERT

The programme of the concert given by the Morning Choral Club, at the Odeon, Tuesday morning, contained a novel feature. The members of Mrs. Blairs' free singing class—three hundred strong—seated in the balcony, added their voices to those of the members of the Morning Choral Club in the last bars of the four part choral arrangement of Sullivan's "Lost Chord." The two choruses sang to each other instead of to the audience; the effect was overwhelming and aroused the placid audience to a wild outburst of enthusiasm. Mrs. Blair occupied the conductor's stand during this number, Mr. Geer directed the chorus in the balcony, Mr. Kroeger officiated at the organ and Miss Scheetz at the piano. The tonal grandeur of this combination of choruses and accompaniments is indescribable and could not but move the most insensible of listeners. Tuesday's performance was in the nature of an experiment, and the result opens possibilities for tremendous effects in the combined choral work of these two organizations.

The Morning Choral never sang better than at this concert. "The Lost Chord" again brought out the organ-like quality of the voices on the second alto part and evidenced anew the beautiful balance of tone, the volume and power, the clean attack and artistic shading, for which the club is noted.

The pity of it is, that the programme was not made up of part songs of this character, instead of the cantata by Ferdinand Hummel. That cantata! The weakest sugar-and-water, musically; dramatically the most futile drivel imaginable. It is entitled "The Queen of the Sea" and the libretto in point of idiocy, casts into the shade everything hitherto attempted in this line.

Imagine a maid named *Agneta* wandering on the sea shore listening to the voices of water sprites, when suddenly arises from out of the watery depth the *Sea King*, who, according to the programme, "woos her most fervently" in rich contralto tones. *Agneta* is thrilled, but in a thin soprano voice rejects him, as she feels that she cannot leave papa and mamma. However, she finally yields to the merman's passionate entreaty and the promise of riches, and in the second part we find *Agneta* in her watery home "singing to her little babes." Her song, a rapid lullaby, is interrupted by the sound of tolling bells. This arouses in the young mother's breast a desire to be on earth again, so she leaves "her little ones" (the programme is vague as to the number) and returns to the old home only to find that she is just in the nick of time to attend the funeral of her parents. *Agneta's* flight from home had been a sad blow to the old folks and killed them both. When *Agneta* learns the bitter truth, she divulges her terrible secret to the assembled populace, and, in consequence, is driven forth, accursed. Then *Agneta*, who apparently, has not been on land long enough to even thoroughly dry her hair goes back to her fish-husband, a changed and saddened woman. Nothing interests the accursed *Agneta*; even jewelry has no charms for her, and she beseeches her husband to avoid her until he "asks her to think of the children." This cheers her and they live happy forever after at the bottom of the sea.

To this fishy story Mr. Hummel has written bloodless music for women's voices, with a thin pianoforte accompaniment, and on this poor stuff the Morning Choral Club wasted its splendid abilities.

The performance of this work lasted one hour and was made endurable only, by the fine singing of the chorus and the magnificent bell-toned voice of Miss Wirthlin, who sang the part of the *King*. Mrs. Bussing as the accursed *Agneta* was weak. She sang much better in the Strauss song where her light soprano was quite effective in the florid passages.

Mrs. Emery, the dashing Detroit pianist, opened the programme with too *salon* pieces. She is particularly happy in this kind of work and the extraordinary brilliancy of her tone and her graceful detail work was displayed to the best advantage.

Mrs. Emery's playing, and the wonderful rendition of "The Lost Chord," made up for the musical inanity and librettic inanity of the cantata.

"HAZEL KIRKE."

"Hazel Kirke," with Mr. Andrew Hitchcock as *Dunstan Kirke*, will be presented at the Germania theater, Thursday evening, May 8th, by the well known St. Louis Sketch Club. The following are the most prominent participants: Arthur A. Peterson, Andrew Hitchcock, Lester Gruner, Edward Bloeser, Paul W. Grether, Hip Weston, Charlie V. Tourney, Cecil Annis, Maud Annis, Blanche Walton and Frankie Trumbo. This is rather an ambitious effort on the part of the club, but the rehearsals indicate a smooth, even performance. Mr. Hitchcock has played the part of *Dunstan Kirke* on the road for several years, with the company headed by Effie Ellsler and Frank Weston. He was also for several seasons understudy to C. W. Coudock, who became famous through his portrayal of this character. It is said of Mr. Hitchcock that his interpretation of *Dunstan Kirke* has never been surpassed.

Mr. Peterson, a talented member of the "Usona Dramatic Society," and whose clever work elicited such favorable comment on the occasion of that society's entertainment, a fortnight ago, will appear as *Joe*. Although this will be the first appearance in public of Miss Frankie Trumbo, her friends may expect a pleasant surprise as she is fast developing into a gifted actress. The young folks are all well known socially, and most of them have had a great deal of stage experience in amateur theatricals, some of them, also, having been on the professional stage. Mr. Gruner being for several seasons with Mrs. Leslie Carter. Baby Virgie will give her clever song and dance specialty between the acts, and altogether a pleasant evening is insured to all who attend. The St. Louis Sketch Club has been in existence for three years, being under the management of Frederic W. Amack, ticket agent of the B. & O. S. W. R. R., this city. Col. Ed. Pope of the Chesapeake & Ohio may be persuaded to do a specialty between the acts.

"Colonel," she asked, addressing the eminent Kentuckian, "have you read about the water cure in the Philippines?"

"I have, my dear young lady," he replied with almost overpowering emotion, "and I am able to realize at last that wah is what one of youh Nohthehn genehals said it was."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The actress—Harold: "Dear Miss Angelina, let me whisper to you the 'old, old story!'" Angelina: "Aw, come off! If you want me to listen to that, you'll have to dramatize it and spend about fifty thousand on a stage-setting."—Judge.

WHEN BREAKS THE DAWN.

Oh, to be free as are the holy winds
That sentinel the highways of the sky!
Oh, once to be, as they are, unrestrained
And free to come and go where'er they will!

The winds are old and mighty. They beheld

The warm young earth when 'erst God flung it forth

Upon its circling journey. They beheld
His fingers mould the mountains, and design

The curving channels of the waterways.

They saw Him plant, in His short labor-time,

The seed, whence sprung vast forests,
luscious fruits

And gentle flowers, maiden-souled and fair.

Oh, to be free, to be unloosed upon

The earth's green bosom, and to press against

Its cool and petaled beauties unrestrained.

Oh, to go forth upon the dancing seas
And hear the mighty anthems of the waves

That praise their God unsilenced, and to be
The fearless guest of thunder-throated storms!

Oh, to be free; to pass the wide world o'er—
Above its foul contagion, and its stress;
Above the grim injustice that has dwarfed
The souls of men and women, and has killed

Our little ones as winter kills the rose!

Be still, my soul; be still, and yet be sure
That thou shalt taste of freedom. Thou shalt be,

When thou has learned thy lessons, as the storm

That praises God on ocean and on land.

Thou, too, shalt taste of freedom; thou shalt see

The harvest of the heaven, countless suns,
And all the gentle sisterhood of stars
That strew the distant highways like white pearls.

A little while, a little while, my soul,
And thou shalt yearn no longer; thou shalt be

As white as is the radiance round the sun,
As free as is the oldest of the winds!

—Howard V. Sutherland.

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, 12 Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.

ONLY FAIR.

"The trouble is," he said to the lady who believed in woman's right to propose, "that I'm inclined to doubt my ability to support a family."

"Well," she replied, "why not give me the benefit of the doubt?" S. E. Kiser.

Bachelor Ross is farming this week. He says he wants to make a good crop this year for he may want a partner before cold weather again.—Mountain Park (O. T.) News.



MONEY in AD WRITING

IF YOU ARE PROPERLY TAUGHT. Ten of Chicago's advertising authorities participate in your instruction in this College. Their influence is extensive and they are in touch with America's merchants. Complete education guaranteed at the tuition price. No extras. Write for prospectus. CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, WITT K. COCHRANE, Pres., Suite X, Isabella Bldg., Chicago.

"Ostermoor"

Comfort

As we get on in years we think more and more of comfortable-ness—have a notion that about the best thing that we can get out of life is a comfortable time of it. Sometimes we miss it because we are tossed about in our minds—oftentimes because we are tossed about on our mattresses—hard, lumpy, uncomfortable mattresses that won't let us have our full share of nature's sweet restorer.

And all the time—there's the "Ostermoor" patent elastic felt mattress.

It is your own fault if you don't know all about it—It is right here at your elbow to speak for itself—We are only too glad to talk "Ostermoor" to any who will but listen.

The "Ostermoor" book is full of such sayings as this:—"Have slept on it for thirteen years and expect to enjoy its comforts for many years to come. We have never had anything done to it. The mattress is on an old family four-posted bedstead, one hundred and fifty years old, handed down in direct descent from one of the Royal Dukedoms of France, and I think your mattress now on it is better than any the whole line of Dukes ever saw in their lives, and there is certainly nothing like it in the world to-day," and the name signed to this is one that you know very well.

Another prominent St. Louisan Dr. E. H. G. wrote—Feb. 10, 1902. "Hair being an animal fibre—is sanitarily unclean, and uncleanable—while I have proven your mattresses to be what you claim—purity itself," and several hundred other people whose say so is worth listening to, say that it is the most comfortable mattress in the world—they all harp on its "comfortableness"—Ostermoor Corner—in the House Beautiful—Third floor.

Nowhere else in St. Louis.

Scruggs Vanderweert & Barney

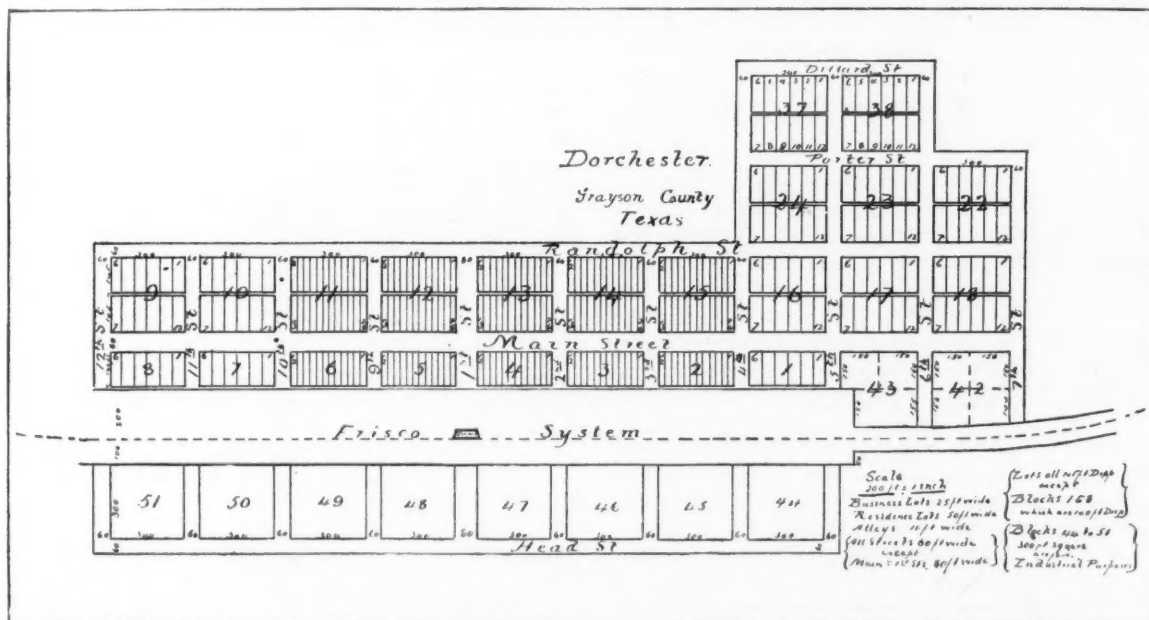
Town Lot Sale at DORCHESTER, TEXAS,

— BY THE —

BLACK LAND TOWNSITE CO.

Saturday, May 24, 1902.

Below will be found a plat of the townsite of Dorchester, showing lots which are to be auctioned off on the above date. This enables prospective purchasers to select lots on which they desire to bid before the date of sale.



The town of Dorchester is located on the Red River, Texas & Southern Railway (Frisco System), twelve miles south of Sherman, in Grayson County. The agricultural belt, of which it forms the center, is almost too well known to require description. The soil is of the well-known "black waxy" variety, and is famous for the diversity and abundance of its crops. Wheat and cotton here flourish side by side, the yields equaling and often surpassing those of the most fertile wheat fields of the South. Corn, barley, rye and oats are produced in astonishing quantities. Surrounded by a farming region of such fertility, and with the commanding geographical position it occupies, there can be no question as to the future of Dorchester, nor could one select a place more certain of yielding

LARGE RETURNS ON INVESTMENTS.

To enable prospective purchasers to visit Dorchester at moderate expense on the date in question, SPECIAL TRAINS will be run from FT. WORTH and SHERMAN, on which very low rates will be charged (Excursion flyers giving full information on this point will be issued). In addition to this there will be in effect, on Tuesday, May 20th, Special Homeseekers' Rates from all points on the



All purchasers of town lots to the amount of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) or more may obtain refund of railroad fare paid, to any amount not exceeding Thirty Dollars (\$30.00) by presenting receipts for such fare to John Summerfield, General Agent, Blackland Townsite Company, American National Bank Building, Dallas, Texas.

Further and more detailed information as to terms of sale, rates of railroad fare, etc., will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

BRYAN SNYDER,

Passenger Traffic Manager Frisco System, ST. LOUIS.

W. A. TULEY,

General Passenger Agent Fort Worth & Rio Grande Ry.

JOHN SUMMERFIELD,

and Red River, Texas & Southern Ry.,

Secretary Black Land Townsite Co., American National Bank Building, DALLAS, TEX.

FT. WORTH, TEX.

Noonan & Kocian

beg to announce that they have made arrangements with Mrs. Chase, whereby they will have a two weeks' exhibition and sale of

Sketches by Harry Chase.

prior to their being sent East for final disposition.

617 Locust Street.

May 5th to 17th.

Humphrey's Corner.

The Styles Change

With the seasons, but that matters little to OUR CUSTOMERS. They know when buying our clothing they get the last change. We do the work and get the benefit. Style represents the appearance of the garment only, and the make and materials the wearing properties. You get them all combined here.

Spring Overcoats, Short, Long and Medium,

\$10.00 to \$40.00

Suits, All Colors and Qualities,

\$10.00 to \$40.00

Humphrey's

Broadway and Pine
St. Louis.

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS.

THAT'S ALL.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,
A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE "AVERAGE NEWSPAPER."

I suggested to the manager of a certain metropolitan daily that the press might take its occupation a little more seriously and here and there indulge us with literature of a graver class. But he told me I knew nothing about the practical exigencies of the trade, and proceeded cynically to describe the situation:

"An average newspaper is edited for average men. The average man is an idiot. Therefore, the paper must be edited for idiots. Therefore, the paper must be idiotic. The people would not appreciate a good thing if it was given them. They do not know ps from qs in literature, or care whether a t is crossed or not. They would rather read evil than virtue. They would rather read the writings of a fool than of a philosopher. They prefer sensation and depravity to the passive epics of our casual and exemplary experience. They prefer the unclean to the clean. They prefer the coarse to the fine. They would rather their editors used bad English than good. They would resent serious discussion. They would rather have you lie than tell the truth. They expect to be flattered. They rejoice when their confidence is abused. They would rather be swindled than get what they pay for. They are an ill-clothed and rather ill-grained lot, and are not to be encouraged by editorial diversions into areas of free and honest controversy. These are the people. They are to be grugged all their aspirations. They are always to be taken at shortest measure. They are the eccentric and erratic fry for whom we edit papers. If our papers are feeble and dishonest, do not blame us. Blame the people. We give the people the sort of paper they wish. If you think our paper is below the standard you would set for us, refer it to the people. When the people demand a better article we will furnish it. We are not inventors. We are purveyors. We do not speculate. We fill orders. We reflect the pleasure of the people. We are up and down, right and left with the people. Their concern is ours. You do not suppose we produce a paper for any abstract reason, or because we are interested in some unpopular cause? We are in the business for its results. We produce a newspaper for the same reason that you make shoes and run a saloon. We have laid in a stock of spirits, and we deck up our little lunch counter, and we strive to make things as pleasant as we can for the fellows who happen in and loaf around our bar. You do not mean to argue that we should try on any of the fancy and expensive virtues? There are fools enough in

the world for that service. Look at the reform fools everywhere who spend their last cent for their faith. We do not presume or pretend to educate the people. They do not go to school to us. We keep up with their humors, tickle their passions, concede any sort of favor to their palate, and conform to their average habits. If we did not produce for them the goods they demand they would desert. Now, as such are the conditions on both sides, how can you seem surprised and upon what ground can you complain? The people are not to us the dear people. Nor are we to them anything significant or exalted. Our relations are all on the ground, without any admixture of mysteries, refinements or sophistries. Not one ingredient that should not be there is permitted in the solution. We are not doing the people up at so much per head. Nor are they doing us up by getting from us what they do not deserve. Their pennies in the lump make us solid with the advertiser. The advertiser is the man we play for. For him we would slave or die. For him we would go to the stake. For him we would lie, steal, or beg. For the advertiser is our water of life. But to get him we must play fortunes to the pennies. And to get the pennies we must keep scrupulously free of all heterodoxy. We must steer our craft along that rather delicate line which offends neither Sunday school nor brothel, neither the high nor low, neither the quick nor halt, of the social order. Tact gives us the pennies. To be penny wise here is to be pound solid. The pennies give us the advertiser. The advertiser brings bloom to our desert. Now you have my facts. Who can escape facts?"—Horace Traubel, in *The Public*.

Merrick, Walsh & Phelps' office at Merrick & Jaccard Jewelry Co., Broadway, corner Locust street.

Prompt attention to all orders.

THE PRESS ARTISTS' EXHIBITION

The First Annual Exhibition of the Press Artists' League of St. Louis, which opened last Monday in the Y. M. C. A. hall, Grand avenue and Morgan street, will close Thursday evening. It has given the people of St. Louis their first chance to see the works of St. Louis illustrators placed side by side with men as famous as Remington, Christy and others whose names and methods have become familiar through the best magazines of this country. The result has been a gratifying surprise to the visitors as well as to the artists themselves and the result of the sale shows that the local men have no reason to evade comparison with their more famous brethren.

There are more than 500 numbers in the collection comprising almost every manner and degree of the illustrators art. Many of the pictures are of surprising merit and the offerings of a half dozen young St. Louis newspaper illustrators, in numbers and excellence, give certain signs both of the ability and industry of their makers. The prices placed upon the exhibits as well as the extraordinary variety shown, have proved so tempting to the public that the success of the exhibition was proved the first day.

An irresistible display of the finest and most exclusive art nouveau bronzes, sterling silverware and jewelry at Bolland's, Seventh and Locust streets.

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I hereby apply for Registry and Accident Insurance, and for that purpose make the following statement:

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I have never had fits or disorders of the brain, and am in whole and sound condition, mentally and physically, except as herein stated

My name is.....

Dated.....190.....

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THE UNION CASUALTY AND SURETY CO.

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Is the Most Progressive Accident and Health Insurance Company in America To-day.

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It has paid claims under its Policies to the amount of over \$2,900,000.00

PLATE GLASS INSURANCE.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The movements of some Wall street stocks in the past week were bordering on the sensational. Excitement was quite intense at times. The Hoadley group of stocks, both on the exchange and the "curb," were the center of interest. They dropped with a suddenness and alacrity that made many fellows' heads swim. It is now alleged that the whole trouble originated in an unexpected flurry in money rates, but it is more likely that it was again a case of thieves falling out among themselves. The sharp rise in interest rates to 15 per cent was merely an incident. The Hoadley specialties have for many weeks displayed great activity, all of them being cleverly and openly manipulated by a disreputable clique of stock-jobbers. It is stated that this clique had been in the habit of sending out enticingly-worded circulars and stock market vaticinations by the wholesale, and that suckerdom was well represented in the inflated shares at the time of the collapse. The average sucker dearly loves mysterious tips and hints, anonymous letters, harping upon the merits or demerits (as the case may be) of a certain stock, and promising big returns to those following the suggestions. The Hoadley crowd used all the threadbare and time-honored tricks so well-known to Wall street stock-jobbers. They rigged the market for their shares in such a flagrant and obvious manner that nobody but the "lamb" could be deceived. International Power, which sold at 70 and 80 a year ago, rose by leaps and bounds, until it touched 199. Rutland and St. Lawrence & Adirondack R. R. shares made also a dazzling and alluring display of strength, going up every other day, and with an ease that made every gambler's mouth watery. On the "curb," General Carriage, which could be bought by the pound, a few weeks ago, at less than one dollar a share, made an equally brilliant record, climbing up to 20½. When the top had been reached, the process of unloading began, surreptitiously at first and afterwards with brazen frankness. International Power, on which a fat dividend had been declared, shortly before the end of the game, for the purpose, of course, of facilitating the efforts of manipulators, dropped 78 points in one day and 18 points the following day. At the present time, it is quoted at about 85. Rutland and Adirondack lost from 15 to 30 points, while Carriage is receding towards "zero" again. Of course, the members of the clique are now indulging in mutual recriminations and offering more or less plausible explanations of how it all happened. Some of them are actually adding insult to injury. Threats are made that some of the syndicate's members will be arraigned before the bar of justice, and it is to be hoped that the threats will be made good.

The stock exchange has stringent rules prohibiting "wash-sales" and "matched orders," but these rules are being violated every day, and by people who are very high in speculative circles and closely identified with leading New York banks and Trust Companies.

Late Wall street performances will probably serve as an eye-opener to many who looked upon some sharp appreciations in values as being due to legitimate causes. There are some high-priced stocks on the list, at the present writing, which will make highly interesting records when the time has arrived for general liquidation. It would be a

good thing [for sound speculation if some resourceful and energetic people were to go to work and force cliques to let go. The market, as has been so often stated in these columns, is highly artificial, congested and unsound. It is growing exceedingly top-heavy, and it will not require much of an effort to bring about a good-sized reaction.

The recent flurry in money rates has served as a gentle reminder that the resources of the banks are becoming exhausted. Lenders are not so plentiful any more, and are more discriminating in the acceptance of collateral. They are scenting danger. The International Power scandal has engendered the impression that there are many and equally rotten spots elsewhere. The sooner the brakes are applied, the better it will be for Wall street. There is entirely too much money tied up in speculative issues. Things have become so strained that it is hard to arrive at another conclusion but that the only logical outcome will be heavy liquidation and the establishment of a more reasonable range of quotations. It is all very well to talk about prosperity, and all that sort of thing, but the fact of the matter is that most of the leading stocks have discounted everything existing or in prospect. There are various railroad stocks still on the list which should be worth more, that is, compared with others. Values are comparative. St. Paul common is generally regarded as being cheap at 170, because comparison is made with Northwestern common, for instance, which pays the same rate of dividend, and sells at 260. If, however, the last-named stock is much too high at 260, then St. Paul could not be considered a bargain at 170. And so on through the list. Of course, if the dividend on St. Paul common should be raised to 7 per cent, next September, which is likely, then the stock would be a bargain at its current quotation.

Sterling exchange continues strong and is hovering close upon the gold-exporting point. Paris exchange on London is receding again, and this is taken to indicate that there will soon be more withdrawals of gold from New York. Exchange at Berlin is also receding. Foreign markets are eagerly waiting for the announcement of final peace negotiations in South Africa. The general consensus of opinion is that the struggle is approaching its end. Speculators expect lively times in South African mining stocks, also in British, French and German bank and industrial issues. A material speculative revival over there will only intensify the strain of New York's monetary resources and, perhaps, result in a refusal to renew loans to Americans. Europe has been lending large sums of money on this side in the past eighteen months, and it is stated, on good authority, that additional loans are contemplated. So far as speculation is concerned, British and Continental markets are now on a much stronger footing than New York. Prices on this side have undergone a tremendous inflation; bank reserves are alarmingly small; loans unduly distended and stocks held by syndicates. It seems that we are at the top, while our European cousins are at the bottom. They have every reason to think that they are about to ascend, while we,—well, it is easy to imagine.

There has been a further advance in Louisville & Nashville, the stock rising to 139 $\frac{3}{4}$, and then receding to 134 again. It is stated that the L. & N. has acquired control of the Monon (Chicago, Indianapolis & St. Louis) and that it will be converted

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

Capital,	-	-	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits,	-		937,572.69

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SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

WHITAKER & COMPANY.

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

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Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

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into a through line from Chicago to the Gulf, competing with the Illinois Central. Gates is credited with the achievement.

Anthracite coal stocks are depressed, owing to persistent reports that a big strike is inevitable. Operators are said to be determined in their position on the demands of miners. The matter will be settled in the next few days.

The St. Louis Southwestern is about to issue \$18,500,000 of new common stock and \$25,000,000 new 4 per cent bonds. The latter are to take up outstanding income 4s, which have recently scored quite a sharp

advance. They are now quoted at about 82. The earnings of this company are still satisfactory, in spite of a considerable falling off, due to last year's drought results. A large amount of money is to be spent on new equipment and road-bed improvements.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Stock exchange affairs in St. Louis are again more lively. There have been some remarkable advances of late. Bank stocks were especially favored, Bank of Commerce leading the bull procession by rising to 378,

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park " 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102½-103½
" " 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104-105½
" " 3½	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" " 4	F. J.	July 1, 1918	111-112
" " 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" " 3½	M. S.	Nov. 2, 1920	104-106
" " 3½	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1921	107-108
" " 3½	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1922	107½-108½
" " 3½	M. N.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" " 3½	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1914	109-110
" " 3½	J. D.	June 1, 1915	109-110
" " 3½	F. A.	May 1, 1918	104-105
" " 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103

Interest to seller.
Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.		I	I	I	I
Funding 6.....	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½	-105½	
" 3½.....	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102	-104	
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104	-106	
" 4-20.....	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	104	-106	
" 4-20.....	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102	-103	
" 4-20.....	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108	-105	
" 4-20.....	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104	-105	
" 4-20.....	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105	-106	
" 4-20.....	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105	-107	
" 4-20.....	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104	-106	
" 3½.....	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101	-103	

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	100-101
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	106-106½
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	60
Commercial Building 1st.	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	100-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101½
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg.	1928	108-108½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1918	108-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1920	116-116½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1920	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	115-116
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s.	1927	94-95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100-101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	94-94½
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	90-103
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	102-104
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	306-307
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	220½-221
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	325-330
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	292-294
Fourth National	100	May '02, 5 p.c. SA	310-315
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	190-210
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	330-340
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775-825
International	100	Mar 1902, 1½ qy	167-175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4 p.c. SA	185-200
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Mar 1902, 3 qy	275-285
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar 1901, 1½ qy	285-290
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1902, 2½ qy	385-386
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 6 SA	128-130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Mar 1902, 8 SA	140-145
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	208-211
Third National	100	Mar 1902, 1½ qy	277-279

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		183-184
Colonial	100		225-226
Lincoln	100	Mar. '02, 2 qy	269-270
Miss. Va.	100	Mar. '02, 2½ qy	450-451
St. Louis Union	100	Consolidated	385-386
Title Trust	100	Mar '02, 1½ qy	125-127
Mercantile	100	Apr. '02, 1, Mo.	430-431
Missouri Trust	100		125-126
Ger. Trust Co.	100		203-204

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
Citizens' 20s 6s.	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s.	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
Lindell 20s 5s.	F. & A.	1911 106-107
Comp. Heights, U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
do Taylor Ave. 6s.	J. & J.	1913 115-116
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s.	M. & N.	1896 105-106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s.	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s.	M. & N.	1902 98-103
St. L. & H. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100-101
do 1st 6s.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 101-101½
do Baden-St. L. 5s.	J. & J.	1913 102½-103
St. L. & Sub.		85-87
do Con. 5s.	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Cable & Wt. 6s.	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 112½-112½
do Incomes 5s.		1914
Southern 1st 6s.	M. & N.	1904 104-106
do 2d 25s 6s.		1909 106-108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s.	F. & A.	1916 107-108
U. D. 25s 6s.	J. & D.	1918 120½-121
United Ry's Pfd.	Apr. '02 1½	84-84½
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	88½-88½
St. Louis Transit		30½-31

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	Jan. 1902, 4 p.c	251-252

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Jan. 1902 ¼	28-29
" " Pfd	100	Jan. 1902, 1½ qy	91-92
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150-155
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar 1902, ¼ MO.	128-138
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	19-19½
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar 1902, ¼ MO	128-135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		270-275
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	93-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '99, 1	48-52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3½	116-120
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar. 1902 2 p. c	89-90
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2½	108-109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		42½-43
Mo. Edison com.	100		17½-18
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '12 1½ qy	100-101
Schults Belting	100	Jan '02 qy 2 p.c.	97-100
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar., 1902, 6 A.	160-168
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. 1902, 3½ SA	150-152
Simmons do 2 pfd.	100	Oct. 1901 4 SA.	110-112
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Jan. 1902 1½ qy	16½-17
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 2 p. c.	46-49
St. L. Brew Com.	100	Jan., '99, 4 p. c.	41-45
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '04, 4	45-46
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb 1902, 1 qy	72-75
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135-141
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '02, 2 qy	600 Bid
Westhaus Brake	60	Mar. 1901, 7½	200
" Coupler	100		44-

the highest price on record. Third National was less active, but managed to creep up to 265. Merchants-Laclede sold at 275 and is expected to touch 300 soon. Boatmen's and State National are quiet, but strong, the latter selling at 210.

Trust Company issues were also in better demand. Missouri rose sharply on the report that negotiations for consolidation with the Title Guaranty were off, that a new and aggressive president had been elected and that the company would go it alone hereafter and that permanently. The new President, Mr. Schlafly, is an experienced banker from Alton, Ill. It is his intention, they say, to stir things up, and, upon his instructions, the Missouri Trust Company has acquired the Union Trust Building, and will soon occupy the former quarters of the Union Trust Company.

Wiggins Ferry is still a bone of bitter contention. The stock is as scarce as hair on the teeth, and rumor has it that somebody is willing to pay \$1000 per share for it. The courts are doing a rushing business these warm May days. There are injunctions and amended petitions and motions galore. Deputy sheriffs say they never had so much trouble in finding their people as they have at present. It is not very comfortable to be the owner of Wiggins Ferry stock, in spite of prevailing fabulous prices. If you are the owner of five shares, you may consider your life in danger.

Bank clearances in St. Louis last week broke all previous records. They were in excess of \$60,000,000. This large total, of course, was due, in part, to increasing speculation and various large financial deals. Interest rates are steady at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling is firm at 4.88½.

WHAT IS FEAR?

Among the many speculations suggested, or encouraged, by the recent surprising developments of wireless telegraphy, none perhaps is more startling than that of Mr. A. F. Collins, who writes in *The Electrical World and Engineer* of his experiments on the brains of animals, with regard to their sensitiveness to electric waves. The very first conclusion at which he arrives suggests a striking resemblance between the brain and the coherer used in wireless telegraphy.

The coherer, it will be remembered, is a little glass tube, containing some loose metallic powder, which, in its ordinary condition, is virtually a non-conductor of electricity. But, when electric waves fall upon it the powder becomes polarized, the particles cohere and a current passes.

Now, according to Mr. Collins, the cells of the brain act under the influence of electric waves very much like the particles of metallic powder in a coherer. They, too, "cohere" and give passage to currents of electricity affecting the nerves. Mr. Collins' experiments were conducted principally with the brains of dead animals, but, in one instance, at least, with the brain

of a living cat, and he avers that the cohesion takes place in a living brain as readily as in a dead one.

To this asserted influence of electric waves he ascribes the sensation ordinarily defined as fear, and he adds "that this condition" (*i. e.*, a state of electric coherence) "prevails when the brain-cells, or the nervous system, or both, are in a state of disorder."

Another highly interesting conclusion is that death by lightning, in some cases, may be produced by the violent nervous symptoms resulting from the influence upon the brain of the large electric waves of the lightning discharge. Mr. Collins instances a case of death, following a bolt of lightning striking a horse a quarter of a mile distant, which he thinks could only have resulted from the action of electric waves on the brain of the victim. The instinctive fear caused by lightning would seem to be a symptom of the influence of such waves.

These experiments inevitably suggest to the readers' thoughts about such phenomena as telepathy, thought transference, etc. If the brain really does act like the coherer in a wireless telegraph apparatus by detecting and registering the passage of electric undulations in the ether, who can say where the limit to its power of receiving impressions capable of being transmitted into knowledge should be set? The writer of the next story about the wonders of another world, more advanced than ours, might do well to depict its inhabitants receiving and reading wireless telegrams from the antipodes in their brains, without the intervention of any apparatus.—*The Cosmopolitan.*

ELECTRIC LIGHTED EQUIPMENT.

The new equipment recently put on by the Union Pacific Railroad, for use on their Overland Limited trains, is lighted throughout with electricity, supplied by a special dynamo car attached to train.

Telephone service is another novel service of this train. Sixteen hours the quick-time to San Francisco.

Address, J. H. Lathrop, General Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE SCHEME FOR HER.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you—
That'll do for the man to say,
But woman must weep
If she wishes to keep
On having her own sweet way.

—S. E. Kiser.

Jason Frederic Stiles, a Linn county bard, has written a "drought song" to the tune of "Beulah Land." One stanza:

A drought had we, the season past;
The hot wind dried up all the grass
We didn't raise enough good hay
To fill the beds on which we lay.

—Kansas City Star.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$7,300,000.

ELMER B. ADAMS.
WILLIAMSON BACON.
JAMES E. BROCK.
CHARLES CLARK.
HARRISON I. DRUMMOND.
AUGUSTE B. EWING.
DAVID R. FRANCIS.

AUGUST GEHNER.
GEO. H. GODDARD.
S. E. HOFFMAN.
CHAS. H. HUTTIG.
BRECKINRIDGE JONES.
WM. F. NOLKER.
WM. D. ORTHWEIN.

H. CLAY PIERCE.
J. RAMSEY, JR.
MOSES RUMSEY.
J. C. VAN BLARCOM.
JULIUS S. WALSH.
ROLLA WELLS.

THE BOOM IN COTTON.

The present price of a 500-pound bale of cotton at Houston is \$47.50, or 9½ cents per pound, middling basis.

This is exactly 2 cents per pound, or \$10 per bale, more than the price obtained in October and November, when the bulk of the crop was being moved.

There are probably less than 500,000 bales of cotton yet unsold in the State of Texas. The farmers disposed of the product at an average of 8 cents per pound. That was a splendid price, but if the present quotations had been paid then the Texas producers would have received \$15,000,000 more for the 2,000,000 bales they marketed.

In other words, the present boom in prices is mainly speculative and will be of comparatively little benefit to the South, unless the prices named are maintained when the new crop comes on the market.

Those who are watching the conditions governing the market, claim that the statistical position of cotton warrants the present high values. They state that the supply will hardly be sufficient to feed the world's mills from now until September 1. Mr. Ellison, one of the best known authorities in the cotton world, states that the consumption of American cotton, this season, ending August 31, will be 10,650,000 bales. These figures surpass the largest estimate of the crop, and mean that the world's visible supply will be next to nothing when the season ends.

The supply of American cotton now on hand is 2,658,000 bales, compared with 2,684,000 last year. How rapidly the supply is being depleted is shown by the statement that the decrease last week was 110,000 bales, compared with a decrease of 42,000 in 1901.

Stocks at United States ports and interior towns are 321,000 bales less than at this time last year.

All the statistics, therefore, are on the side of the bulls. This does not necessarily guarantee, however, that prices will continue to advance, or that present quotations will even be maintained.

Facts and figures frequently have little weight when speculators are in control of the market.

THE CIRCUS.

The show Ringling Brothers have brought back with them "has grown" a lot during the years of its absence. It might have absorbed some of the best features of Bill Cody's Wild West and Hagenbeck congress of wild creatures so comprehensive have the Western and zoological features become. The half regiment of clowns is the most astonishing part of the tremendous entertainment, not because they're so numerous, but because they're so funny. The man, woman or child who can get through a performance of Ringling's circus without a smile must have cirrhosis of the soul. Spring medicine won't help him. The mortal whose blood stirs not at the audacious feats of the acrobats, equestrians and equilibrists in this circus, must have milk in his veins. If you've got indigestion, or a torpid liver, if you're figuring on pale pills for pink people, or if you're husky and happy, but looking for a new sensation, you ought to go. The circus here this week is a high-ball and a blood resolvent all in one.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Magazines at About Half Prices.

All Subscriptions, excepting the *Mirror*, must be new.

The *MIRROR* and your choice of any of the following dollar magazines:

Woman's Home Companion, Cosmopolitan, Ledger Monthly or Pilgrim, for

\$2.50

The *MIRROR* and any two of the above, \$3.00. The magazines will be sent to one or different addresses.

OTHER ATTRACTIVE OFFERS:

MIRROR.....	2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
Success.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75
Success.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Household.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75
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Arena or Mind.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$3.90
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Pearson's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.60
Bookman.....	2.50		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.10
Critic.....	2.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.60
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Pearson's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.85
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.35
Arena.....	2.50		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Popular Science.....	1.50	Price,	Price,
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.50	\$3.40
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.35
Table Talk.....	1.00		

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Scribner's.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Bookman.....	2.50	\$7.50	\$5.90

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Scribner's.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Critic.....	2.00	\$9.00	\$7.15
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Literary Digest.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Country Life.....	3.00	\$9.00	\$5.00
Everybody's Magazine.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$10.50	\$7.85
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.80
Pearson's.....	1.00		

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Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.00	\$5.50

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.00	\$10.50	\$7.35
Bookman.....	2.50		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Critic.....	2.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Truth.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Arena.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Critic.....	2.00	\$6.50	\$4.00

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Arena.....	2.50	\$6.00	\$4.00

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Donahoe's Magazine.....	2.00	\$8.50	\$5.30
Bookman.....	2.50		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Success.....	1.00	\$8.50	\$5.25
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		
Bookman.....	2.50		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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The Designer.....	1.00		

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Literary Digest.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Harper's Bazar.....	1.00	\$11.00	\$6.50
Everybody's Magazine.....	1.00		
Harper's Weekly.....	4.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Bookman.....	2.00	\$8.00	\$6.60

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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To start the season we have made some very big reductions in Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Jackets and Waists. You about pay for the making, only of the following goods:

Our \$1 50 up to \$1 75 handsome colored Wash Waists, to start the season, only.....65c
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We are showing a beautiful line of ladies' stylish Shirt Waist Suits—to start the season we will place our \$6 50 up to \$8 50 Suits on sale at.....\$5 50
Our \$22 50 brown and black tailor-made Etamine Suits—to start the season only.....\$10.00
Our \$23 50 black Moire Silk Coffee Coats, large revers, made of white taffeta silk, handsomely trimmed with black lace—to start the season, only.....12 50
Our \$6.50 Walking Skirts—to start the season, only.....\$3 25
Our \$13.75 Black Taffeta Silk Dress Skirt, large flounce trimmed with cord and ribbon ruching—to start the season, only.....\$8 75
No extra charge for altering.

SILKS.

The only place to secure genuine bargains in reliable materials and up-to-date patterns. Note a few of the best.

19-inch Black and Colored Silk Taffeta—65 shades to select from—suitable for dress skirts and linings—all at.....39c
Regular 50c quality.
28-inch Black Double-Warp Shanghai Silk—this week.....75c
Regular \$1.10 quality.
24-inch Liberty Printed Satin Foulards—all silk—new designs—extra quality.....75c
Worth \$1 00 and \$1 25.
36-inch Black Peau de Soie—a hummer for.....\$1 39
Worth \$1 90.

MILLINERY.

Now is the time to procure your headwear at less than the cost of manufacturing.

We this week inaugurate the greatest sale of the season in Millinery.

We have closed out several good lots from the leading manufacturers of New York and are prepared to give our patrons the benefit.

500 Trimmed and Ready-to-Wear Hats, actually worth \$3 98, \$2 75 and \$1.98, sale price.....\$1.98, 98c and 69c

250 Trimmed Hats, made of the best materials and by the best manufacturers, actually worth \$10 50 and \$8 50, sale price.....\$5.98

Large assortment of Milan Shapes, the very latest hat for May and June, actually worth \$2.98 and \$2 50, sale price.....\$1.49

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White Goods.

Twill White Long Cloth for underwear, 15c quality, special price.....10c
48-inch Scotch Batiste, 45c quality, bargain price.....35c
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Heavy Welt Pique for skirts, worth 28c, special price.....20c

Cafe on Fifth Floor.

Butterick Patterns.

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Colored Dress Goods

A grand layout of Special Trade Producers in the Dress Goods Department. Don't fail to come down this week in order to participate in the feast.

10c—for 30-inch Fine Irish Dimity, in white and tinted grounds with dots, stripes and figures in latest colorings—regular 15c quality.

15c—for French Figured Organdy, Batiste and Lace Stripe Tissues—styles that are confined to D. C. & Co.—solid colors as well in all leading shades. These are the regular 25c fabrics.

25c and 29c—for Imported Embroidered Scotch Swisses, in solid colors, with embroidered dots and stripes in contrasting colors—these goods when made up, look like \$1 00 fabrics.

39c—for 38-inch All-Wool French Etamine, in navy blue, with narrow white stripe—the genuine dust-proof fabric, especially desirable for summer skirts—really worth 75c.

49c—for 44-inch All-Wool Fine French Vigoureux Serge in gray, tan, castor, green and blue—this is the biggest bargain ever offered in St. Louis—they did sell, early in the season, for 85c

Some Bristling Shoe Don'ts.

Don't get in a rut in your shoe buying. Don't buy until you investigate. Don't pay \$1.00 a pair more for the same shoes we are selling here this week. Our advice is don't.

Don't pay \$3 00 for Louis XV. heel finest Vici K d Oxford Ties, hand-sewed, when we sell you the same shoe in all sizes and widths at.....\$1 98
Don't pay \$2 00 for the same Oxford Tie we are selling in this sale, all sizes, at.....\$1 48
Don't pay \$1 25 for the same quality Children's Shoes we are having sale on in all sizes at.....69c
Don't pay \$3 50 for Louis XV. heel, all-patent vamp and quarter, Oxford Ties, hand sewed, when we sell them in all sizes and widths in this sale at.....\$2 48
Don't pay \$2.00 for Boys' Shoes when we give you the same style, shape and quality at.....\$1 48
Don't pay \$1 50 for Strap Sandals, House and Evening Slippers, the same quality you get here at.....98c

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BOERS AND BRITON'S BREAD.

A new picture of the ex-President of the South African republic is suggested by the London correspondent of the New York Tribune when he says that "Mr. Krueger, besides 'staggering humanity,' has driven the last nail in the coffin of free trade." "The 'last nail' referred to is the duty on grain, flour, and meal proposed by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer in order to raise revenue for the expenses in South Africa. The price of flour has already been advanced in England as a result of this move, and the Baltimore American is glad that the people who "have been tossing up their caps in exultation" over the killing of the Boers, and who have broken up meetings of protest against the war, will now see how it feels to help pay for it; and it regards this result as "something like righteous retribution." The American papers which argue that "the foreigner pays the tax," however, believe that the American farmers who raise the grain will be the sufferers. This will certainly be the case, a great many papers agree, if Secretary Chamberlain shall be successful of his scheme of letting the products of the British colonies in, free of duty, while taxing the imports from foreign countries. But such a result has not yet been reached, and much doubt is expressed if it ever will be. The Chancellor of the Exchequer holds that the present tax is a revenue, not a tariff measure; Mr. Chamberlain's scheme would be a typical preferential tariff.—*Literary Digest.*

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OPIE READ'S REAL MISSION.

It appears from a statement made by a Chicago publishing firm that Opie Read, the novelist, has missed his calling, however successful he may have been or may yet be as a story writer. It is alleged, by the publishers, that in July, 1897, they employed Mr. Read to write two novels a year for six years. In payment he was to receive a regular salary of \$40 a week and 10 per cent royalty on the novels.

This arrangement continued until July, 1901, when, it is declared, Mr. Read "owed the firm four novels and had overdrawn his account to the extent of \$6,000."

If the statement of the publishers is true Mr. Read has clearly been wasting his efforts on literature. A man who can display such financial ability ought to be a captain of industry. Opie Read's proper place is not upon the lounge at the Chicago Press Club, but in that seething vortex which is known to the world as Wall street.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

An art nouveau era is at hand and some of the designs in bronzes, sterling silverware and jewelry, shown at Bolland's, are perfect dreams of beauty. Seventh and Locust streets.

"It is queer," says a New York clergy man, "what a liking young students have for long words and Latin quotations, and what a dread possesses them of appearing conventional. I once knew a promising candidate who was given charge of a funeral

in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase and he said instead: "The congregation will now pass around the bier."—*Kansas City Star.*

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About

The Imitator.



AS to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal*.

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a bitingly clever one. And against the background of manikins, duds, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American*.

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News*.

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